HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1150.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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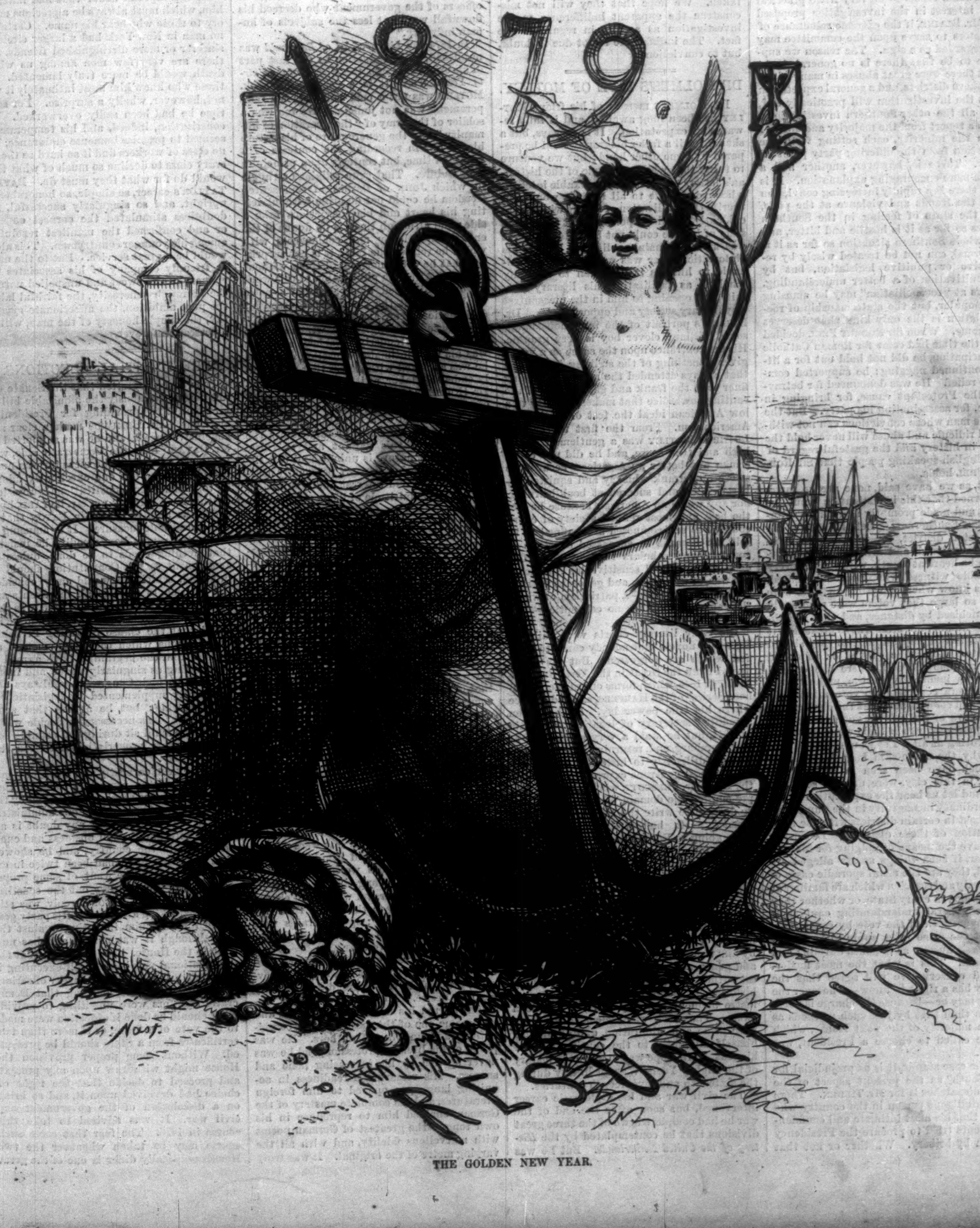

THE GOLDEN NEW YEAR.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 11, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the conclusion of* Mary Cecil Hay's *interesting Christmas Story*, "Lady Carmichael's Will," *and other attractive features.*

*An* Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

## THE SOUTHERN INVESTIGATION.

There seems to be very little practical interest in the investigation proposed by Mr. Blaine, if the extreme reluctance of Senators to serve upon the committee may be regarded as a sign. The reason we suppose to be that there is no general doubt that there were great abuses in many of the Southern districts, and a general expectation that the investigation will practically end, like all the other Southern investigations, with a report from the majority and another from the minority, each setting forth the situation from the differing party point of view. There is, however, another and a much more encouraging explanation. It is that there is a rapidly increasing conviction that the frauds and violence at the polls, and the state of feeling in the Southern States so far as it is hostile and bitter, and the whole Southern situation so far as it is abnormal, can not be treated wisely by repressive or punitive legislation, but by the cultivation of a better understanding. Sneers at "reconciliation" may be amusing and popular, but the statesmanship of reconciliation is the only kind that deserves the name. When Sir Robert Peel decided that the time had come for Roman Catholic emancipation, he did not hold out for a little continued nagging: he supported complete relief. He was denounced for betraying the Protestant cause, for bringing in Rome, for assassinating his party. But the public man whose convictions can not withstand ridicule and abuse will never hold the place in history and the grateful regard of the English-speaking people that Sir Robert Peel holds.

Yet, as we have said, none are so much concerned that this investigation should be made, and made promptly and fairly, as intelligent Southerners. Let the case of the Charleston district, for instance, be thoroughly explored, and Mr. Campbell's evidence be heard at length, with that of every reputable witness who can be procured. Let us know whether voting districts were made so large that voters were practically disfranchised by distance, and that in others the number of voters was so great that it was physically impossible that they should all vote. Let it be proved or disproved that in some districts where the colored vote was immensely in the majority the voters were compelled to vote alternately white and colored, and that the challenging and delays of the colored voters were such that great numbers of them were prevented from voting at all. Let us understand how and why the onion-skin ballots, specimens of which have been seen in all editorial offices in this city, were used at so many polls, and let us hear the explanation of the extraordinary incongruity in the number of votes cast in certain districts with the total population of those districts. Let every man have the means of judging for himself whether, if such things as are alleged are proved, they are the usual sporadic cases of dishonesty and coercion which are familiar at all elections in every State, or whether they show a general understanding equivalent to a suppression of the vote by conspiracy. And let the same rules apply to New York and Massachusetts as to South Carolina and Louisiana. This is what the most moderate and conservative will agree that the country has a right to know—whatever the remedy may be—because the charge is nothing less than that by just such methods as these a majority of the next House, which may be called to choose a President, was elected.

As the case stands, it is as prejudicial for "the South" as the present aspect of the cipher dispatches is for Mr. Tilden. There is no intelligent person in the country who doubts that his most intimate and confidential agents tried to procure the Presidency for him by bribery. Whether or not that conviction will prevent his nomination by his fellow-partisans, it will surely cost him the support of the honest independent vote which was largely cast for him in 1876, and that will defeat his election. So, as the case stands with the Southern elections, there is really no doubt whatever in the minds of intelligent men at the North that these elections were largely carried by gross fraud and violence. This conviction will not change, unless the charges are disproved, and the simple question for 1880 will be, whether, upon the whole, it is desirable that the government should be intrusted to a party which obtains power by such means, and represents the kind of sentiment which they indicate. If this impression in regard to the suppression of the colored vote is unfounded, the Southern leaders can help a common good understanding by nothing so certainly as by showing its baselessness. Some of them, notably Mr. Lamar and Mr. Butler, have declared in their places as Senators that the accusation is a slander, and that the voting was as fair as it is any where. They also, therefore, are somewhat on trial, and there are none more concerned than they to show that they are not mistaken. We hope that they will not misconstrue the apparent indifference to the investigation as apathy in regard to the fact. The indifference is not due to doubt, but to conviction.

## DR. HOLMES'S LIFE OF MOTLEY.

Dr. Holmes's memoir of his friend Motley has been long awaited, and it fully rewards all expectation. It is, he says, but a sketch, until a fuller biography shall be prepared by some other hand; but we venture to think that while a volume of the historian's letters would have remarkable interest, whenever justice to all feelings would authorize the publication of letters which were evidently peculiarly personal, yet the simple story of his life could not be better told. It was, after all, mainly a literary life, for his diplomatic career was perhaps chiefly valuable to him, as it has been to so many scholars, as facilitating his literary pursuits, and opening to him in the pleasantest way literary society and opportunities. Dr. Holmes's portrait of the impetuous, handsome, brilliant, clever boy is very graphic. His first entrance upon the scene as a youth gives something of the striking impression that always attended the man—in nothing finer than the frank and gay disdain of the canting cowardice that makes servility to a low American ideal the test of distinctive Americanism. From the first to the last Lothrop Motley was a gentleman in the high and true sense, and he did not think a man any better an American because he swore and drank whiskey and squirted tobacco juice and sneered at book-learning, nor any worse an American because he met the best and most refined society of every country as self-composed and refined as itself, nor because he surpassed courtiers in courtesy and scholars in learning. How deep and true and sensitive his Americanism was, of what high and generous patriotism he was capable—a patriotism of which the caucus-packer has no conception—this little book is the record.

His early literary efforts were failures. He wrote novels that nobody cared to read, and which are forgotten. But his paper upon Peter the Great in the *North American Review* in 1845, which forms one of the "Half-hour Series" of the Harpers, showed at once where his true power lay. He had been appointed secretary of legation to Russia in 1841, but he staid a very short time at St. Petersburg, and, returning home, devoted himself diligently to historical study, and after a most generous expression of sympathy from Mr. Prescott, who had apparently pre-empted the domain of Spanish history, he decided to write the *History of the Dutch Republic*. He had written much when, upon going to Europe to continue his studies, he found that he must begin again, which he bravely and wisely did, and in 1856 his first history was published. Its success was immediate and immense, and Dr. Holmes tells the story with the happy sympathy of a friend and fellow literary artist. Motley's fame was at once established. The value of the contribution made by him to historical literature was promptly and generously acknowledged by the highest authorities, and the genius of the young historian had conferred a new and enduring lustre upon his country and the American name. The work was welcomed at home with pride and admiration, and he applied himself diligently to the continuation of his task. His hope was to write the history of the Eighty Years' War for liberty during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The civil war and his diplomatic career intervened, but soon after the end of the war he had completed two of the three great divisions that he contemplated by the *History of the United Netherlands*. But he was so keenly alive to the fate and fortunes of the country during the great struggle that his work was impeded, his letters, or the very few glimpses that Dr. Holmes gives us of them, at this time showing how vital his interest in the struggle was, and how complete and admirable a representative he was of the best American spirit. But the circumstances that closed his official life both in Austria and England are very painful. We have already more than once stated our own view of them. Dr. Holmes does not shrink from a most calm and candid consideration of this passage in Motley's life, and his judgment is the most deliberate that has been rendered. It is needless here and now to re-open the question, but the spirit of manly candor in which Motley's biographer treats the subject will appear to every reader in the admirable words with which he opens the discussion. "If a wrong was done him, it must be laid at the doors of those whom the nation has delighted to honor, and whose services no error of judgment or feeling or conduct can ever induce us to forget. If he confessed himself liable, like the rest of us, to mistakes and shortcomings, we must remember that the great officers of the government who decreed his downfall were not less the subjects of human infirmity."

In 1874 the *Life of John of Barneveld* was published, an introduction to the last part of his original design, the *History of the Thirty Years' War*. It is a captivating book. Motley was not a cold annalist; his temperament was not judicial. He too was a soldier of the army of "the liberation of humanity," and the generous fire of his nature blazed out in recording the contests of a vanished time, but contests upon principles that endure. That grim religious struggle in which John of Barneveld represented freedom he could not describe without letting his heart and his convictions take a side; and although there is no doubt of the entire impartiality and copiousness with which he related the facts, it is not surprising that he could not regard them without feeling. After the publication of this work sorrows thickened about Motley's path. He bitterly felt the events that closed his diplomatic career, and he chafed under a deep sense of wrong. The wife to whom he was most tenderly attached, and who was his most intimate counsellor, died, and he was attacked with illness that practically ended his labor, as it did his life in 1877. Dr. Holmes's task has been the loving duty of an old and intimate friend, and his work is a very model of a brief literary biography. Among our chief literary names the impression of this gallant and chivalric and brilliant nature is unique, and this little book will bring Motley personally nearer, and with vivid interest and admiration, to the great multitude of his countrymen.

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

The universal tenderness in the expression of sorrow for the loss of Bayard Taylor shows how strong was the hold that he had of the popular heart, and how deep was the admiration for his upright and manly character. He belonged to the class of men who are always nearest and dearest to the American feeling, to which Franklin and Lincoln belonged—men whose intrinsic force unconsciously masters difficulties and carries them steadily forward. His life was that of a man born to no early advantages, compelled as a boy to earn his living, and educating himself. But his natural rectitude, his sturdy perseverance, his indomitable spirit and sweetness, his generous admirations and emulations, and his high ideals enabled him to cultivate every talent to the utmost, and to win that place and that regard in the country of which his countrymen were both proud and glad. His fondness for travel was as pronounced as that of Ledyard, and his stories of the various life and countries that he saw were so simple and transparent and graphic that no story-teller was more welcome than this traveller, and for a long time in his earlier life his lectures of travel were more charming and attractive to the public than any other lyceum oratory; special trains were run, and no hall was large enough for the crowds that wished to hear.

But the interest that his travels excited and the homage that was paid to the traveller, grateful as they were, did not satisfy his real desire. A distinctive literary ambition stirred his mind from the first, and he became one of the most devoted, conscientious, and untiring of authors. He was proud of his literary profession, and he was never spoiled by his increasing fame and success. His remarkable readiness in acquiring languages opened to him foreign literatures, and his complete mastery of the German enabled him to reproduce in his own tongue the greatest of German poems with marvellous fidelity, and with all the varying metre of the original. It was truly a work of love and prolonged care, for it is more than twenty years since we heard him read some of the translations of parts that he had already made.

His connection with the *Tribune* began many years ago, and many of his works of travel were first published as letters in that paper. His editorial work was more constant and more various in later years, and it was an invaluable assistance to any great journal, from the extent and variety of his information and observation, and from the simple strength and lucidity of his style. He had strong political convictions, but his literary overpowered his political interests. In full sympathy with the general principles which the *Tribune* has always maintained, his political activities were never prominent. But with the ease and adaptability of his admirable temperament, he was a most successful secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires in Russia, and the remarkable demonstrations of public approbation which hailed his appointment as minister to Germany were entirely unequalled in our history. They were a tribute of regard for the man, and of the universal satisfaction with the especial honor that had fallen to him, which must always be a precious memory to those who bear his name. Certainly no man in New York had a larger circle of sincerer or more distinguished friends, and there are very few men among us whose death would be more truly lamented. To those who knew him most intimately it was not, however, wholly a surprise. For some time he had been sadly overworked. His constitution, indeed, and his temperament seemed to promise immense endurance, but no class of workers find it so hard as the literary class to decline so much of what they would do for what they must do. Bayard Taylor's career, so simple, so honorable, so upright, and so singularly successful, has doubtless stimulated the earnest endeavor and confirmed the manliest resolution among his younger countrymen. This alone would be a great service. But to the nearer friendly company of his associates the memory of the sweet and unspoiled nature, the thorough generosity, the faithful labor, the pure ambition, the affectionate sympathy, the simple honesty of the man, will be a possession forever.

## PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

It is to be regretted that the Senate did not pass unanimously the admirable bill of Mr. Edmunds providing for Presidential elections. Mr. Edmunds made a clear and conclusive speech, and he was supported by Mr. Bayard from the Democratic side, who held very truly that the measure was not a party question, but one excellently adapted to execute the constitutional provision. Neither Mr. Edmunds nor Mr. Bayard, however, was able to show Mr. Eaton that it was a desirable measure. It is amusing to see in the report how steadily he insisted that nothing needs to be done, unless an amendment to the Constitution should be proposed, which he would duly consider. His position, in spite of all the events and the imminent probabilities of 1876, was that the Constitution is quite enough, and he insisted that the clause regarding Presidential elections, which the wisest men of all parties from the beginning have agreed in deprecating as singularly vague and inefficient, and which Congress has always and necessarily supplemented by legislation, is self-executing; but he agreed that some "little rule" was necessary to decide where Senators should sit during the count! Mr. Edmunds very properly characterized this as boy's play.

Mr. Bayard earnestly and truthfully said that it is of the utmost importance that public confidence shall not be shaken by the transmission of power from one administration to another, and that any doubt is attended with paralysis of business and enormous loss to the country, and he showed that the government had been twice in extreme peril from the want of some proper provision of law to carry out the constitutional grant. Mr. Eaton's reply was still Leather-stocking's "Anan." His party generally followed him in voting against the bill, although it was passed, and has now gone to the House. The assertion that the constitutional provision is self-executing is ludicrous. It is wholly unworthy of serious discussion, and it is amazing that Democratic Senators were unwilling to provide what should be done if objection were made to the vote of a State, or if more than two certificates from a State should be presented. Without some proper provision the House might withdraw upon any pretext, and proceed to decide that the right of choice had devolved upon it, and so bring on a dissolution of the government and civil war. It was advised to take this course in 1876. The fear that some such course may be taken whenever the two Houses politically differ is one of the great and constant perils of the country. And to the sagacious statesmanship, like that of Messrs. Edmunds and Bayard, which sees this clearly, the rejoinder that the Constitution executes itself is simply inane.

We trust that the Democrats in the House will not make so purely a patriotic measure a ground of party difference. Let the country know that if serious questions arise in the next election they are not to be left to the chances of wise agreement at the last desperate moment, but are to be wisely provided for before they arise.

## "A FAMOUS VICTORY."

The Afghan war seems to have been what is known as a military promenade. The British soldiers have marched through the Khyber Pass, and as they approached the Afghan capital the Afghan ruler fled, so that England will probably be able to draw her "scientific frontier," which Lord Beaconsfield says she has so sadly lacked. But the ease with which the country has been overrun, and the flight of the Ameer, and the glory for the ministry of the Afghan, following that of the Abyssinian, campaign, do not change at all the justice of the opposition to the war which has been so eloquently expressed by distinguished Englishmen. The real reason for the war, and one which admitted of plausible defense, was that urged by Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, that the advance of Russia toward India ought to be opposed in Afghanistan. This assumed, of course, the Jingo postulate, that Russia and England are the good and evil spirits of civilization, and that it is the moral duty of England to "head off" Russia at every point, that the world may be Anglicized and not Russianized.

This was the view that was acceptable to those who justified the British patronage of Turkey and the maintenance of Turkey in Europe on the ground that Turkey was effete and could do no harm, while Russia is alive and full of mischief. But this large and cosmic view was demolished by Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall when he said that India was inaccessible to invasion from Turkestan, and that the object of marching into Afghanistan was not to protect India, but to secure a scientific frontier. The war becomes, therefore, a wanton raid of a strong power against a small and weak state for no purpose of security, but for a fanciful frontier. Lord Lawrence had already shown that India could be more surely defended upon the present lines than in Afghanistan, and Lord Beaconsfield has disclaimed the only tolerable reason for the war. It is difficult to see, despite the ease with which success has been obtained, how England is to gain any real credit by this war.

## AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The extracts from the correspondence of Mr. Bayard Taylor with the State Department in regard to German naturalization in this country show precisely a difficulty which it is not easy to avoid. It is very easy and simple to say that an American citizen is every where and always an American citizen, and entitled to the utmost possible protection of the government. And it is as true as it is simple. But something else is equally true, and that is that American citizenship is not to be made a convenience for those who do not mean to be American citizens, but to be Germans or citizens of some other country. Before the United States pledge all their power and their resources to the defense of any man not native to the soil, they should at least take care that they are not deceived, and that they have not engaged in the defense of a man who means really to be the citizen of some other State. Experience as well as reason shows that citizenship in this country is a sacred privilege not to be conferred without the most careful deliberation, and with due regard not only to the welfare of the country, but to the rights of other countries, and to the harmony of our relations with them. The conditions of adopting as a citizen any person from another country should be such that foul play upon his part should forfeit the right. During the late Cuban troubles there were islanders who came to the United States and were naturalized here. Now that the war is over they have returned to Cuba. They are and always have been essentially Cubans. They will doubtless remain so. But ought they to be permitted hereafter, in case of trouble, to plead that they are citizens of the United States?

The case to which Mr. Taylor refers in his correspondence is that of Karl Gangenmüller, of Sinsheim, Baden, who at the age of eighteen, with the permission of the local authorities, came here in 1869. He was naturalized on the 12th of July, 1875, and with his certificate of citizenship left for Germany five days afterward, and has resided ever since at his old home, ostensibly to take care of his aged father. On the 11th of April he was ordered to leave Baden, or to become a citizen of the Grand Duchy, subject to military duty. He applied to the American minister, who caused proper local inquiry to be made, and then communicated with the Foreign Department, which replied that after careful examination it was found to be impossible to revoke the order of expulsion. Mr. Taylor asked for instructions, and meanwhile Gangenmüller, who had emphatically asserted on the 12th of June his good faith as an American citizen, on the 13th of June applied to the authorities of Baden to resume his citizenship in that state. Mr. Taylor suggests that, in view of the circumstances attending the residence in Germany of a German-American naturalized citizen, such persons should be officially advised that it would be wise to avoid annoyance by stating the probable term of their stay in any German state, by refraining from irritating political discussion, and by quietly observing the laws and regulations applying to temporary residence.

This little story shows, as we said, the kind of difficulty against which it is not easy to provide. The Bancroft treaty has been denounced as surrendering the rights of American citizenship by submitting it to mortifying conditions. But a minister has no more imperative duty in a foreign country than to protect the sanctity of the citizenship of his own country not only against foreign governments, but against individual foreign adventurers. If the German government must respect American citizenship, not less must Germans respect it. If it must be protected against the encroachments of the one, so must it be defended against the abuse of the other. And obviously this can be done only by a detailed common understanding. The foreigner who honestly renounces his own country to become an American will readily see that in the nature of things he may be called upon under certain circumstances to do what a native-born citizen will not, because in his case the circumstances can never exist. Respect for our own citizenship should look before as well as after. American citizenship should not be suffered to be made a mere cloak and convenience for those who have no American feeling and no honest intention.

## SUFFERING IN ENGLAND.

The accounts of the distress and suffering among the poor in England are peculiarly sad at this season, and recall the great destitution of 1829 and 1830, when serious riots occurred in various parts of Great Britain. The suffering fell very heavily upon the silk weavers. Their industry, it was thought, had been artificially stimulated by the repeal of the restrictive laws in 1824, and it was believed that overproduction in 1825 and a diminished demand in the years following were the sources of the crisis. Some of the details of the general distress at that time are appalling. In the vale of Aylesbury, one of the richest agricultural districts in England, the poor-rates amounted to thirty shillings an acre. Out of 1900 persons in a single parish in Somersetshire there were 1000 paupers. In Huddersfield the workmen did not earn on an average more than twopence daily. It was estimated at one time that one-sixth of the population was receiving aid.

The present reports state that at the Bethnal Green work-house there are 1059 inmates, and 382 in the infirmary, and the details of the situation elsewhere are not less harrowing. Greville gives a statement of the condition of Bethnal Green in 1829. The population, he said, were all silk weavers, forming a sort of separate community; "there they are born, there they live and labor, and there they die." They had nearly tripled in twenty years—from 22,000 to 64,000. They had no employment, and could get none. Eleven hundred were then crammed into the poor-house, five or six in a bed. The district was insolvent, and misery was universal. In the agricultural districts, especially in the southern counties, there were disturbances of the most threatening kind. Hay-ricks and farm buildings were nightly burned, and labor-saving machines every where destroyed. The workman could not "go West." He was forbidden by harsh laws to leave his own parish, and he saw with dismay that every new threshing-machine threw hundreds of workmen out of employment.

This situation is, happily, not yet repeated in England; but there is a very severe winter and very great distress. The suffering, coming with the increased taxation for the causeless Afghanistan war, will hardly enhance the popularity of the ministry, and will suggest to many a quiet observer that a ministry less intent upon a spectacular foreign glory, and more devoted to the internal welfare of the kingdom, would be cherished as gladly and remembered as proudly. "Glory" exacts as heavy a price from a nation as from an individual, and England's Christmas would be more merry if, instead of the triumphant occupation of Jelalabad and the flight of the Ameer, the country could contemplate industry and content at home.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. John Jacob Astor has lately presented to the Astor Library some very valuable books. One of these, costing $15,800, is an early printed book, the first edition of the *Catholicon* of Joannes Balkus de Jenna, dated 1460—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary—the printing of which is attributed to Gutenberg. Another valuable early work is a German Bible, the earliest one with date, printed by Lanier, of Augsburg, in 1477—a fine example of early printing with Gothic type. Another rare work is a beautiful Greek manuscript of the apostolic epistles, in quarto, of the eleventh century. This is in very fine preservation, and is from the collection of the late Duke of Sussex.

—The very blunt, outspoken way in which Dr. Busch, in his recent *Diary* on Prince Bismarck, has spoken of the personal peculiarities of that personage is refreshing. The freedom of his criticisms on the most distinguished people of Germany has set them all agog. In regard to eating, Dr. Busch says that the Prince dilates upon every imaginable variety of fish contained in ocean or river. He lays down the law upon crabs and oysters, discourses freely upon eggs, and claims the honor of being a heaven-sent benefactor to Aix-la-Chapelle, having taught the benighted citizens how to fry oysters. He has wonderful discrimination in cheese, and can hold forth by the hour upon wine and cognate tipples.

—The King of Bavaria is erecting at Herrenchiemsee a royal château, on the plan of that of Versailles. The building is to be fifteen years in the course of construction, and to cost $9,000,000.

—Edmund Yates, in a late number of the London *World*, draws a comparison between English and American restaurants quite favorable to us, and he is a judge. He says: "At the Café Royal, in Regent Street, a man can dine well if he knows what to order, but it is not always a very nice place to take a lady to. Suppose a man wants to go out with his wife to dinner, or with his sister, or with somebody else's sister, what is he to do? We confess we should be at a loss to know where to send him. Blanchard's is fair in its way, though very expensive, but there is no first-rate restaurant in London—nothing to equal the best Paris restaurants, or Delmonico's, the Brunswick, or Sutherland's, in New York."

—It is intimated that the "notes by the way" made by General Grant in the semi-triumphal progress he has made throughout Europe and the East will be arranged for publication by Mr. John Russell Young, who has been his companion in many journeys, and whose admirable talent at description is well known to the press and public of the Old World as well as the New.

—The Rev. Dr. Tyng, emeritus rector of St. George's Church, New York, is understood to be preparing his autobiography, the first part of which will soon appear.

—The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Bayard Taylor appeared in the New York *Tribune* for December 25:

"In other years—lost youth's enchanted years,
Seen now and evermore through blinding tears
And empty longing for what may not be—
The Desert gave him back to us; the Sea
Yielded him up; the icy Norland strand
Lured him not long, nor that soft German air
He loved could keep him. Ever his own land
Fettered his heart and brought him back again.
What sounds are these of farewell and despair
Blown by the winds across the wintry main?
What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard, in such silence, and alone?
What new, strange quest has tempted him once more
To leave us? Vainly, standing by the shore,
We strain our eyes. But patience!....when the soft
Spring gales are blowing over Cedarcroft,
Whitening the hawthorn; when the violets bloom
Along the Brandywine, and overhead
The sky is blue as Italy's—he will come!
Ay, he will come! I can not make him dead.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

—At Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, people have little to do but sail about, go a-fishing, and grow old. Living within a radius of half a mile in that haven are half a dozen lively old fellows, in perfect trim, who have nearly touched par, viz., Mr. Wilbur, 97; Edmund Crowels, 95; Captain William Hardiness (good name), 94; Isaac Daggett, 90; Hiram Chase, 89; and Captain Charles Smith, 88.

—Dr. Millingen, who attended Lord Byron in his last illness at Missolonghi, died at Constantinople on the 1st of December, at the age of seventy-eight.

—Lord Dufferin has been offered and has declined a marquisate, but has accepted a promotion to the dignity of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

—Professor Palmieri, who has devoted his life to the study of Mount Vesuvius, has an observatory situated on a long and narrow ridge of rock on Mount Cataroni, almost at the foot of the actual cone of the volcano, half a mile from the Hermitage of San Salvatore, the extreme point to which carriages can ascend the mountain. In spite of the risks, the professor has remained at his post, and chronicled features of the eruptions of the last six years.

—A fresh and characteristically amusing anecdote of Abraham Lincoln appears in the Bloomington (Illinois) *Pantagraph*. It is a true copy of a letter on file among the archives of the Chicago and Alton road at the superintendent's office at Bloomington. It is a modest request for the renewal of a pass on the Alton road:

"Springfield, *Feb. 13, 1858.*

"*R. P. Morgan, Supt. C. & A. R. R.:*

"Dr. Sir,—Says Sam to John, 'Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it usin' on it. I wish you would take it and mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this afternoon.' Acting on this as a precedent, here's your old 'chalked hat.' I wish you would take it and send me a new one, case I shall want to use it on the 1st of March. Yours, truly,

"A. Lincoln."

—The "brave fireman" of New York city, for the year 1878, has been decided to be Thomas J. Dougherty, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, who on the 19th of December was presented with the "Bennet Medal," which is annually given to the fireman performing the most meritorious act of heroism in saving life. The particular act for which the medal was bestowed was for heroic conduct at a fire in William Street, when at the risk of his own life he dashed into the sub-cellar of a burning building and rescued two persons from death by suffocation. The presentation of the medal was made at the Fire Department Head-quarters in presence of the Fire Commissioners and other officials.

—Khir-ed-in Pasha, the new Turkish Grand Vizier, is a Circassian, and formerly Prime Minister to the Bey of Tunis. He attracted public attention by a book in which he argued that modern ideas of progress were not inconsistent with the cardinal principles of Islamism. In his youth he was a slave. His good looks and his brains greatly attracted his owner, who after a while gave him his daughter in marriage, and advanced him in political life.

—George Augustus Sala, who has just attained his fiftieth birthday, was made happy on the occasion by the proprietors of the London *Telegraph*, who presented him with a valuable service of plate in recognition of his brilliant services as a journalist.

—Mr. Lewes left a considerable mass of manuscript, including the remainder of his work on theology in its philosophical relations. A new and full edition of his works will shortly appear, under the editorship of Mrs. Lewes ("George Eliot") and of a gentleman whose name has not yet been made public. Mrs. Lewes is unfortunately in very delicate health.

—Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, in spite of his eighty years, is arranging to have a "Summer School of Philosophy" at Concord next July.

—Mr. Gladstone's daughter is so familiar with his library that when he desires a reference, she instantly fetches the book needed, and points to the passage required.

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is not in positive destitution, having just sold for $472,300 three of her houses in the Rue de l'Élysée.

—Signor Cairoli, who was severely wounded in defending King Humbert from an assassin, was greeted with an enthusiasm by the Chamber of Deputies not surpassed by that extended to Garibaldi when he took his seat in 1875.

—That Mr. Taylor's name was "James Bayard Taylor" was a statement printed in divers newspapers last spring. Mr. Taylor corrected it in a letter which has just been printed for the first time in the Wilmington *Commercial*. "I was named by my parents," he said, "simply 'Bayard,' after James A. Bayard, the grandfather of your Senator. As a boy of sixteen or seventeen I sometimes attached 'J.' (never James) to my name, foolishly thinking it would look better. When my first volume of poems came out, Rufus Griswold, my first literary friend, put 'James Bayard Taylor' on the title-page, and the small private edition was printed before I could correct it. The matter was an annoyance to me then, and has been ever since. I felt bound to retain the 'J.,' however, until I was twenty-one, and became legally responsible for my signature. Then I dropped it instantly, and have never since used any thing else than my original and only true name."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, December 18, ratified the treaty between the United States and Japan which was signed on the 25th of July last. It provides, among other things, that there shall be no discrimination against the United States, that all export duties in Japan shall be abolished, and that two more ports shall be opened to American commerce.—December 19, the Senate passed the Postal Car Deficiency Bill. The same day the Vice-President announced the Southern election investigating committee, with Senator Teller, of Colorado, as chairman. The House passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, with a section prohibiting the removal of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico to the Indian Territory. J. S. Young (Democrat) was sworn in as Representative to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of J. J. Leonard.—On December 20 both Houses adjourned until January 7.

Secretary Sherman, December 21, instructed all officers of customs to receive United States notes as well as gold coin and standard silver dollars in payment of duties on imports on and after January 1, 1879.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, Shere Ali, has fled, leaving his son Yakoob Khan in power. At last accounts the fugitive and his family were journeying toward Balkh with the retiring Russian mission. The British occupied Jelalabad December 20. Complete anarchy prevails in the country between Jelalabad and Cabool.

The Porte, subject to the Sultan's approval, has nominated Mukhtar Pasha, Abeddin Pasha, and Vahan Effendi commissioners for the settlement of the Greek frontier question, and intends to invest them with relatively extensive powers.—Caratheodori Pasha and Count Zichy have agreed upon a preamble which will enable a definite convention to be concluded between Turkey and Austria relative to Novi-Bazar and Bosnia. The articles of the convention will be discussed hereafter. The preamble does not distinctly repeat a recognition of the Sultan's sovereignty and of the provisional character of the Austrian occupation.

The Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States minister to Germany, died at Berlin December 19.

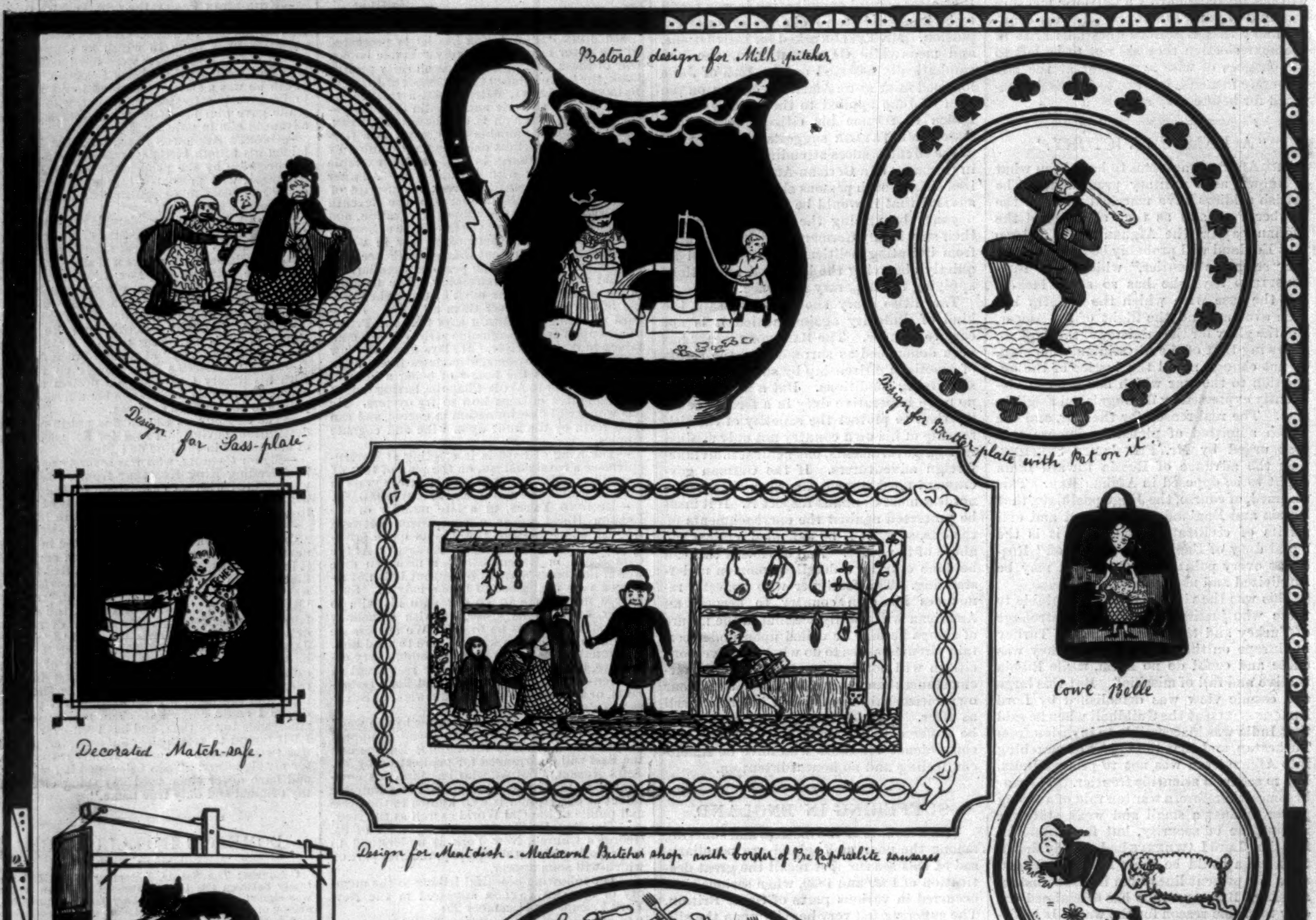
The steamer *Byzantin*, bound from Marseilles for Constantinople, was sunk by the British steamer *Rinaldo*, off Latakia, December 18. Nearly one hundred lives were lost.—The State Line steam-ship *State of Louisiana*, from Glasgow for New York, grounded on Hunter's Rock, seventeen miles from Belfast, December 24. She is likely to prove a total wreck.

M. Léon Chotteau has again been delegated to America in the interest of the Franco-American commercial treaty.

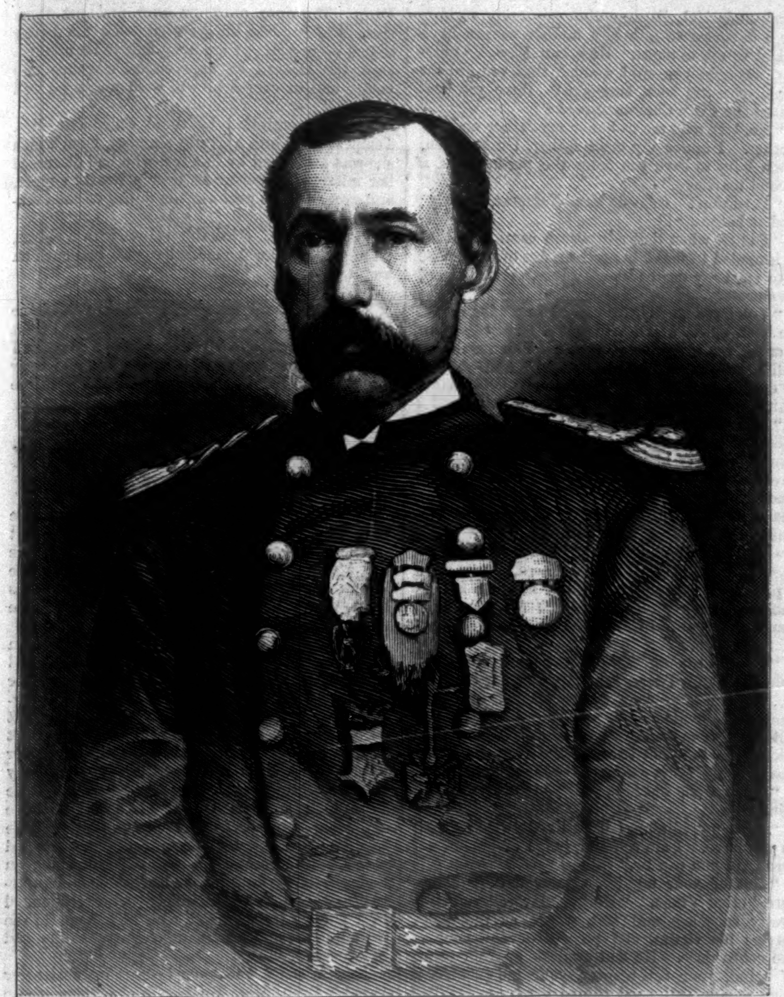
Forty-eight children were drowned by the breaking of ice on a pond at Chappelle-Hoche, Christmas-day.

The Prussian government committee of inquiry has rejected Prince Bismarck's tobacco monopoly scheme, and favors a duty according to weight, as advocated by the National Liberals. In a long letter to the Federal Council Prince Bismarck recommends the virtual return to the Prussian customs legislation of 1818 and the Zollverein tariff system, valid until 1865. He says: "The return to the system of universal taxation suits our present commercial and political circumstances," and adds that his correspondents point out the disastrous effects of English iron and other products in Germany.

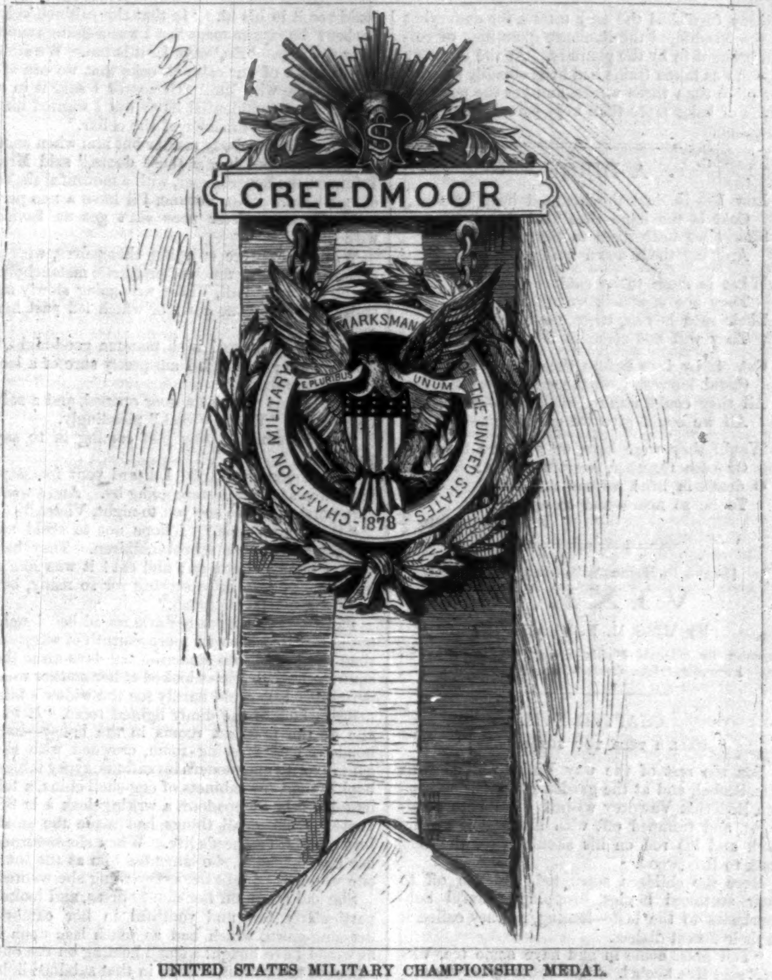
The Russian students at St. Petersburg are in contention with the government, and great agitation prevails. The trouble originated December 11, when several hundred students assembled before the Czarowitz's palace to present a petition for the liberation of their colleagues arrested at Kharkoff in connection with recent demonstrations caused by the introduction of an obnoxious regulation in reference to their studies. The Czarowitz being at Zarskoe-Selo, the prefect of police hastened to the palace, received the petition, and ordered the crowd to be dispersed, saying it was illegal to present a petition in such a manner. The students refused to leave, and 200 of them were arrested by the gens-d'armes and Cossacks. The latter used whips, and several students were injured.


Pastoral design for Milk pitcher
Design for Sass-plate
Design for Butter-plate with Pat on it
Decorated Match-safe.
Cowe Belle
Design for Meat-dish. Mediaeval Butcher shop with border of Pre-Raphaelite sausages
Decorated Mouse-trap
Design for Individual Butter
2 GROATS
Decorated Tile
Design for fruit-plate
Mediaeval Apple-stand
Decorated Tile
Ye JURY BOX
A Panel
KEROSENE
Illumination for Kitchen

ART DECORATION.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]



CAPTAIN J. S. BARTON, CHAMPION MILITARY MARKSMAN OF THE UNITED STATES.
[Photographed by Dempsey, Oswego, New York.]



UNITED STATES MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL.

## CAPTAIN BARTON, MARKSMAN.

We present herewith pictures of the United States military championship medal, and also of Captain Josiah S. Barton, Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., the champion military marksman of the United States, and winner of the medal.

The origin of the match for the military championship is as follows: In 1860 the National Rifle Association of Great Britain organized a match for volunteers, in which the chief prize was presented by her Majesty the Queen. The match is open to all efficient volunteers of Great Britain or her colonies, and carries with it the military championship of the year. It is shot yearly at Wimbledon, with thousands of entries, and the Queen's prize man, as the winner is called, becomes at once famous, and the envy of all his compeers; and well he may, for it is a most trying ordeal to pass through, and requires the greatest skill and steadiness to win. The National Rifle Association of America having decided to institute a similar match here, and to have it shot annually, the first match was shot at Creedmoor in September last, with the result above stated.

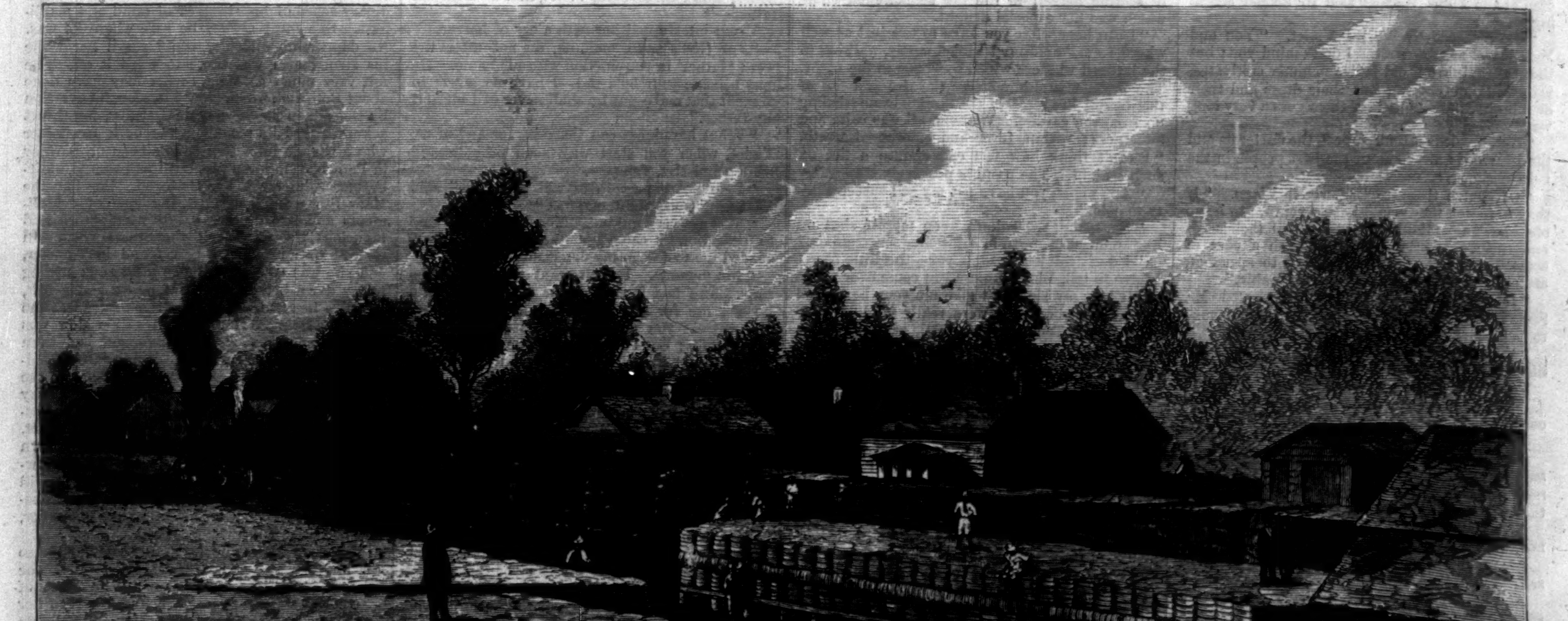
The medal is of 18-carat gold, heavily enamelled, and is a model of taste and beauty. It was manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of Union Square.

The winner, Captain Josiah S. Barton, was born in the town of Victory, Cayuga County, New York, April 2, 1837. He is five feet seven inches in height; complexion, eyes, and hair dark. He belonged to the Fifty-first New York Regiment, of Syracuse; enlisted on the first call for three years' men in 1861, in Company F, First New York Cavalry, Colonel A. F. M'Reynolds, and on the expiration of his term re-enlisted in New York city, and served until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged as orderly sergeant. He served as orderly to General Fitz-John Porter in the seven days' fight, and also under Sullivan, Milroy, Siegel, Hunter, Averill, Torbert, Powell, Merritt, and in the closing scenes of the great contest under the gallant and lamented Custer. In 1871 he enlisted in Company A, Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., was elected Sergeant, then Lieutenant, and in the fall of 1877 Captain of Company H, in the same regiment.

His record as an expert with the military weapon is most excellent. He has been Captain of the Team of the Forty-eighth Regiment for the past three years, has been a member of and has shot with the New York State Team in the Inter-State Match three times, and in the International Military Match, which was inaugurated this year, and now crowns this fine record with the hardly won title of Champion of the United States.

## PINE BLUFF RAILWAY STATION, ARKANSAS.

On this page will be found an interesting sketch showing the accumulation of cotton at a railway station in Arkansas since the raising of the recent fever quarantine. The water in the river was so low that the boats could not run, and the



SCENE AT PINE BLUFF STATION, ARKANSAS.—[From a Sketch by H. J. Lewis.]

railway furnished the only means for conveying to the Mississippi the immense quantities of cotton brought in by the planters. At the time our sketch was taken trains had been steadily at work for more than three weeks, and yet the accumulation of bales more than kept pace with the deportation.

## A DIRGE.

Low lies in dust the honored head,
Cold is the hand that held the sword;
Slowly we bear them to the dead,
And lay them down without a word.

What is there to be said or done?
They are departed, we remain;
Their race is run, their crowns are won,
They will not come to us again.

Cut off by fate before their prime
Could harvest half the golden years,
All they could leave they left us—time,
All we could give we gave them—tears.

Would they were here, or we were there,
Or both together, heart to heart:
O death in life! we can not bear
To be so near—and so apart!

R. H. Stoddard.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

# VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### "SHALL I TELL YOU THE SECRET?"

For the rest of the way Violet walked with Mrs. Scobel, and at the garden gate of the vicarage Roderick Vawdrey wished them both good-night, and tramped off, with his basket on his back and his rod on his shoulder, for the long walk to Briarwood.

Here the children separated, and ran off to their scattered homes, dropping grateful bob-courtesies to the last—louting, as they called it in their Forest dialect.

"You must come in and have some tea, Violet," said Mrs. Scobel. "You must be very tired."

"I am rather tired; but I think it's too late for tea. I had better get home at once."

"Ignatius must see you home, my dear," cried Mrs. Scobel. At which the indefatigable vicar, who had shouted himself hoarse in leading his choir, protested himself delighted to escort Miss Tempest.

The church clock struck ten as they went along the narrow forest path between Beechdale and the Abbey House.

"Oh," cried Vixen, "I do hope mamma's people will have gone home."

A carriage rolled past them as they came out into the road.

"That's Mrs. Carteret's landau," said Vixen. "I breathe more freely. And there goes Mrs. Horwood's brougham; so I suppose every thing is over. How nice it is when one's friends are so unanimous in their leave-taking!"

"I shall try to remember that the next time I dine at the Abbey House," said Mr. Scobel, laughing.

"Oh, please don't," cried Violet. "You and Mrs. Scobel are different. I don't mind you; but those dreadful stiff old ladies mamma cultivates, who think of nothing but their dress and their own importance—a little of them goes a very long way."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, the Carterets and the Horwoods are some of the best people in the neighborhood."

"Of course they are," answered Vixen. "If they were not, they would hardly venture to be so stupid. They take the full license of their acres and their quarterings. People with a coat of arms found yesterday, and no land to speak of, are obliged to make themselves agreeable."

"Like Captain Carmichael," suggested Mr. Scobel. "I don't suppose he has land enough to sod a lark. But he is excellent company."

"Very," assented Vixen, "for the people who like him."

They were at the gate by this time.

"You sha'n't come any farther, unless you are coming in to see mamma," protested Vixen.

"Thanks, no; it's too late to think of that."

"Then go home immediately, and have some supper," said Vixen, imperatively. "You've had nothing but a cup of weak tea since two o'clock this afternoon. You must be worn out."

"On such an occasion as to-day a man must not think of himself," said the vicar.

"I wonder when you ever do think of yourself," said Vixen.

And indeed Mr. Scobel, like many another Anglican pastor of modern times, led a life which, save for its liberty to roam where he listed, and to talk as much as he liked, was but little less severe in its exactions upon the flesh and the spirit than that of the monks of La Trappe.

The Abbey House looked very quiet when Vixen went into the hall, whose doors stood open to the soft spring night. The servants were all at supper, treating themselves to some extra comforts on the strength of a dinner party, and talking over the evening's entertainment and its bearings on their mistress's life. There was a feeling in the servants' hall that these little dinners, however harmless seeming, had a certain bent and tendency, and that one sinister to the household and household peace.

"He was more particular in his manner to-night than hever," said the butler, as he dismembered a duck which had been "hotted up" after removal from the dining-room. "He feels hisself master of the whole lot of us already. I could see it in his hi. 'Is that the cabinet 'ock, Forbes?' he says to me, when I was a-filling round after the bait. 'No,' says I, 'it is not. We ain't got so much of our cabinet 'ocks that we can afford to trifle with 'em.' Of course I said it in a hunder-tone, confidential like; but I wanted him to know who was master of the cellar."

"There'll be nobody master but him when once he gets his foot inside these doors," said Mrs. Trimmer, the housekeeper, with a mournful shake of her head. "No, Porline, I'll have a noo pertato. Them canister peas ain't got no flavior with them."

While they were enjoying themselves, with a certain chastening touch of prophetic melancholy, in the servants' hall, Violet was going slowly up stairs and along the corridor which led past her mother's rooms.

"I must go in and wish mamma good-night," she thought; "though I am pretty sure of a lecture for my pains."

Just at this moment a door opened, and a soft voice called "Violet, Violet," pleadingly.

"Dear mamma, I was just coming in to say good-night."

"Were you, darling? I heard your footstep, and I was afraid you were going by. And I want very particularly to see you to-night, Violet."

"Do you, mamma? I hope not to scold me for going with the school-children. They had such a happy afternoon; and eat! it was like a miracle. Not so little serving for so many, but so few devouring so much."

Pamela Tempest put her arm round her daughter, and kissed her with more warmth of affection than she had shown since the sad days after the squire's death. Violet looked at her mother wonderingly. She could hardly see the widow's fair, delicate face in the dimly lighted room. It was one of the prettiest rooms in the house—half boudoir, half dressing-room, crowded with elegant luxuries and modern inventions, gypsy tables, book-stands, toy cabinets of egg-shell china, a toilet-table à la Pompadour, a writing-desk à la Sévigné. Such small things had made the small joys of Mrs. Tempest's life. When she mourned her kind husband, she lamented him as the some one who had bought her every thing she wanted.

She had taken off her dinner dress, and looked particularly fair and youthful in her cambric dressing-gown, which had as much lace upon it as would have bought a small holding on the outskirts of the Forest. Even in that subdued light Violet could see that her mother's cheeks were pinker than usual, that her eyes were clouded with tears, and her manner anxiously agitated.

"Mamma," cried the girl, "there is something wrong, I know. Something has happened."

"There is nothing wrong, love. But something has happened. Something which I hope will not make you unhappy—for it has made me very happy."

"You are talking in enigmas, mamma, and I am too tired to be good at guessing riddles just now," said Violet, becoming suddenly cold as ice.

A few moments ago she had been all gentleness and love, responding to the unwonted affection of her mother's caresses. Now she drew herself away and stood aloof, with her heart beating fast and furiously. She divined what was coming. She had guessed the riddle already.

"Come and sit by the fire, Violet, and I will tell you—every thing," said Mrs. Tempest, coaxingly, seating herself in the low semicircular chair which was her especial delight.

"I can hear what you have to tell just as well where I am," answered Violet, curtly, walking to the latticed window, which was open to the night. The moon was shining over the rise and fall of the woods; the scent of the flowers came stealing up from the garden. Without, all was calm and sweetness; within, fever and smothered wrath. "I can't think how you can endure a fire on such a night. The room is positively stifling."

"Ah, Violet, you have not my sad susceptibility to cold."

"No, mamma. I don't keep myself shut up like an unset diamond in a jeweller's strong-box."

"I don't think I can tell you—the little secret I have to tell, Violet, unless you come over to me and sit by my side, and give me your hand, and let me feel as if you were really fond of me," pleaded Mrs. Tempest, with a little gush of piteousness. "You seem like an enemy, standing over there with your back to me, looking out at the sky."

"Perhaps there is no need for you to tell me any thing, mamma," answered Violet, in a voice which, to that tremulous listener in the low seat by the fire, sounded as severe as the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence. "Shall I tell you the secret?"

There was no answer.

"Shall I, mamma?"

"I don't think you can, my love."

"Yes, I am afraid I can. The secret—which is no secret to me or to any one else in the world, any more than the place where the ostrich has put his head is a secret when his body is sticking up out of the sand—the secret is that, after being for seventeen happy, honorable years the wife of the best and truest of men, the kindest, most devoted, and most generous of husbands, you are going to take another husband, who comes to you with no better credentials than a smooth tongue and a carefully drilled figure, and who will punish your want of faith and constancy to my dead father by making the rest of your life miserable—as you will deserve that it shall be. Yes, mother, I, your only child, say so. You will deserve to be wretched if you marry Captain Carmichael."

The widow gave a faint scream, half indignation, half terror. For the moment she felt as if some prophetic curse had been hurled upon her. The tall, straight figure in the white gown, standing in the full flood of moonlight, looked awful as Cassandra prophesying death and doom in the wicked house at Argos.

"It is too bad," sobbed Mrs. Tempest; "it is cruel, undutiful, disrespectful, positively wicked, for a daughter to talk to a mother as you have talked to me to-night. How can Miss M'Croke have brought you up, I wonder, that you are capable of using such language? Have you forgotten the Fifth Commandment?"

"No. It tells me to honor my father and my mother. I honor my dead father, I honor you, when I try to save you from the perdition of a second marriage."

"Perdition!" echoed Mrs. Tempest, faintly; "what language!"

"I knew when that adventurer came here that he intended to make himself master of this house—to steal my dead father's place," cried Vixen, passionately.

"You have no right to call him an adventurer. He is an officer and a gentleman. You offer him a cruel, an unprovoked insult. You insult me still more deeply by your abuse of him. Am I so old, or so ugly, or so altogether horrid, that a man can not love me for my own sake?"

"Not such a man as Captain Carmichael. He does not know what love means. He would have made me marry him if he could, because I am to have the estate by-and-by. Failing that, he has made you accept him for your husband; yes, he has conquered you, as a cat conquers a bird, fascinating the poor wretch with its hateful green eyes. You are quite young enough and pretty enough to win a good man's regard, if you were a penniless unprotected widow, needing a husband to shelter you and provide for you. But you are the natural victim of such a man as Captain Carmichael."

"You are altogether unjust and unreasonable," exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, weeping copiously. "Your poor dear father spoiled you. No one but a spoiled child would talk as you are talking. Who made you a judge of Captain Carmichael? It is not true that he ever wanted to marry you. I don't believe it for an instant."

"Very well, mother. If you are willfully blind—"

"I am not blind. I have lived twice as long as you have. I am a better judge of human nature than you can be."

"Not of your admirer's, your flatterer's, nature," cried Vixen. "He has slavered you with pretty speeches and soft words, as the cobra slavers his victim, and he will devour you, as the cobra does. He will swallow up your peace of mind, your self-respect, your independence, your money—all good things you possess. He will make you contemptible in the eyes of all who know you. He will make you base in your own eyes."

"It is not true. You are blinded by prejudice."

"I want to save you from yourself, if I can."

"You are too late to save me, as you call it. Captain Carmichael has touched my heart by his patient devotion. I have not been so easily won as you seem to imagine. I have refused him three times. He knows that I had made up my mind never to marry again. Nothing was further from my thoughts than a second marriage. I liked him as a companion and friend. That he knew. But I never intended that he should be more to me than a friend. He knew that. His patience has conquered me. Such devotion as he has given me has not often been offered to a woman. I do not think any woman living could resist it. He is all that is good and noble; and I am assured, Violet, that as a second father—"

Vixen interrupted her with a cry of horror.

"For God's sake, mamma, do not utter the word 'father' in conjunction with his name. He may become your husband—I have no power to prevent that evil—but he shall never call himself my father."

"What happiness can there be for any of us, Violet, when you start with such prejudices?" whimpered Mrs. Tempest.

"I do not expect there will be much," said Vixen. "Good-night, mamma."

"You are very unkind. You won't even stop to hear how it came about—how Conrad persuaded me to forego my determination."

"No, mamma. I don't want to hear the details. The fact is enough for me. If it would be any use for me to go down upon my knees and entreat you to give up this man, I would gladly do it; but I fear it would be no use."

"It would not, Violet," answered the widow, with modest resoluteness. "I have given Conrad my word. I can not withdraw it."

"Then I have nothing more to say," replied Vixen, with her hand upon the door, "except good-night."

"You will not even kiss me?"

"Excuse me, mamma; I am not in a kissing humor."

And so Vixen left her.

Mrs. Tempest sat by the fading fire, and cried herself into a gentle slumber. It was very hard. She had longed to pour the story of this second courtship—its thrilling, unexpected joys, its wondrous surprises—into a sympathetic ear. And Violet, the natural recipient of these gentle confidences, had treated her so cruelly.

She felt herself sorely ill used; and then came soothing thoughts about her trousseau, her wedding dress, the dress in which she should start for her wedding tour. All things would, of course, be chastened and subdued. No woman can be a bride twice in her life; but Mrs. Tempest meant that the trousseau should, in its way, be perfect. There should be no rush or excitement in the preparation; nothing should be scamped or hurried. Calmness, deliberation, and a faultless taste should pervade all things.

"I will have no trimming but Valenciennes for my under-linen," she decided; "it is the only lace that never offends. And I will have old English monograms in satin stitch upon every thing. My peignoirs will require a good deal of study; they admit of so much variety. I will have only a few dresses, but those shall be from Paris. Theodore must go over and get them from Worth. She knows what suits me better than I do myself. I am not going to be extravagant, but Conrad so appreciates elegance and taste, and of course he will wish me to be well dressed."

And so, comforted by these reflections, Mrs. Tempest sank into a gentle slumber, from which she was awakened by Pauline, who had discussed her mistress's foolishness over a hearty supper, and now came to perform the duties of the evening toilet.

"Oh, Pauline," cried the widow, with a shiver, "I'm glad you awoke me. I've just had such an awful dream."

"Lor, ma'am! What about?"

"Oh, an awful dream. I thought Madame Theodore sent me home a dinner dress—bright yellow, trimmed with vivid orange. And when I asked her how she could suppose I would wear any thing so hideous, she assured me it was the height of fashion."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### WEDDING GARMENTS.

After that night Vixen held her peace. There were no more bitter words between Mrs. Tempest and her daughter, but the mother knew that there was a well-spring of bitterness—a Marah whose waters were inexhaustible—in her daughter's heart, and that domestic happiness, under one roof, was henceforth impossible for these two.

There were very few words of any kind between Violet and Mrs. Tempest at this time. The girl kept herself as much as possible apart from her mother. The widow lived her languid drawing-room life, dawdling away long slow days that left no more impression behind them than the drift of rose leaves across the velvet lawn before her windows. A little point-lace, deftly worked by slim white fingers flashing with gems; a little Tennyson; a little Owen Meredith; a little Browning—only half understood at best; a little scandal; a great deal of orange pekoe, sipped out of old Worcester tea-cups of royal blue; an hour's letter-writing on the last fashionable note-paper—elegantly worded inanity, delicately penned in a flowing Italian hand, with long loops to the Y's and G's, and a serpentine curve at the end of every word.

No life could well have been more useless or vapid. Even Mrs. Tempest's charities—those doles of wine and soup, bread and clothing, which are looked for naturally from the mistress of a fine old house—were vicarious. Trimmer, the housekeeper, did every thing. Indeed, in the eyes of the surrounding poor, Mrs. Trimmer was mistress of the Abbey House. It was to her they looked for relief; it was her reproof they feared; and to her they louted lowest. The faded beauty, reclining in her barouche, wrapped in white raiment of softest China crape, and whirling past them in a cloud of dust, was as remote as a goddess. They could hardly have realized the fact that she was fashioned out of the same clay that made themselves.

Upon so smooth and eventless an existence Captain Carmichael's presence came like a gust of north wind across the sultry languor of an August noontide. His energy, his prompt, resolute manner of thinking and acting upon all occasions, impressed Mrs. Tempest with an extraordinary sense of his strength of mind and manliness. She must always be safe where he was. No danger, no difficulty, could assail her while his strong arm was there to ward it off. She felt very much as Mary Stuart may have done about Bothwell, when, moved to scornful aversion by the silken boy-profligate Darnley, her heart acknowledged its master in the dark freebooter who had slain him. There had been no Darnley in Pamela Tempest's life, but this resolute, clear-brained soldier was her Bothwell. She had the Mary Stuart temperament, the love of compliments and fine dresses, dainty needle-work and luxurious living, without the Stuart craft. In Conrad Carmichael she had found her master, and she was content to be so mastered; willing to lay down her little sum of power at his feet, and live henceforward like a tame falcon at the end of a string. Her position as a widow was an excellent one. The squire's will had been dictated in fullest confidence in his wife's goodness and discretion; and doubtless also with the soothing idea common to most hale and healthy men, that it must be a long time before their testamentary arrangements can come into effect. It was a holograph will, and the squire's own composition throughout. He would have no lawyer's finger in that pie, he had said. The will had cost him many hours of painful thought before he rang the bell for his bailiff and his butler, and executed it in their presence.

Mrs. Tempest was mistress of the Abbey House for her life, and at her death it was to become Violet's property. Violet was not to come of age until she was twenty-five, and till then her mother was to be her sole guardian and absolute mistress of every thing. There was no question of an allowance for the maintenance of the heiress, no question as to the accumulation of income. Every thing was to belong to Mrs. Tempest till Violet came of age. She had only to educate and maintain her daughter, in whatever manner she might think fit. At Violet's majority the estate was to pass into her possession, charged with an income of fifteen hundred a year, to be paid to the widow for her lifetime. Until her twenty-fifth birth-day, therefore, Violet was in the position of a child, entirely dependent on her mother's liberality, and bound to obey her mother as her natural and only guardian. There was no court of appeal nearer than the Court of Chancery. There was no trustee or executor to whom the two women could make their complaints or refer their differences.

Naturally, Captain Carmichael had long before this made himself acquainted with the particulars of the squire's will. For six years he saw himself sole master of a very fine estate, and at the end of six years reduced to an income which seemed comparatively a pittance and altogether inadequate for the maintenance of such a place as the Abbey House. Still, fifteen hundred a year and the Abbey House were a long way on the right side of nothing; and Captain Carmichael felt that he had fallen on his feet.

That was a dreary June for Vixen. She hugged her sorrow, and lived in a mental solitude which was almost awful in so young a soul. She made a confidante of no one, not even of kind-hearted Fanny Scobel, who was quite ready to pity her and condole with her, and who was secretly indignant at the widow's folly.

The fact of Mrs. Tempest's intended marriage had become known to all her friends and neighbors, with the usual effect of such intelligence. Society said sweet things to her, and praised Captain Carmichael, and hoped the wedding would be soon, and opined that it would be quite a nice thing for Miss Tempest to have such an agreeable step-father, with whom she could ride to hounds as she had done with the dear squire. And the same society, driving away from the Abbey House in its landaus and pony-carriages after half an hour's pleasant gossip and a cup of delicately flavored tea, called Mrs. Tempest a fool, and her intended husband an adventurer.

Vixen kept aloof from all the gossip and tea-drinking. She did not even go near her old friends the Scobels in these days of smothered wrath and slow-consuming indignation. She deserted the schools, her old pensioners, even the little village children, to whom she had loved to carry baskets of good things, and pocketfuls of half-pence, and whose queer country dialect had seemed as sweet to her as the carolling of finches and blackbirds in the woods. Every thing in the way of charity was left to Mrs. Trimmer now. Vixen took her long solitary rides in the woods, roaming wherever there was a footway for her horse under the darkening beeches, dangerously near the swampy ground where the wet grass shone in the sunlight, the green reedy patches that meant peril; into the calm unfathomable depths of Mark Ash or Queen's Bower; up to the wild heathy crest of Boldrewood; wherever there was loneliness and beauty.

Roderick had gone to London for the season, and was riding with Lady Mabel in the Row, or dancing attendance at garden parties, exhibitions, and flower shows.

"I wonder how he likes the dusty days and the crowded rooms, the classical music and high art exhibitions?" thought Vixen, savagely. "I wonder how he likes being led about like a Pomeranian terrier? I don't think I could endure it if I were a man. But I suppose when one is in love—"

And then Vixen thought of their last talk together, and how little of the lover's enthusiasm there was in Roderick's mention of his cousin.

"In the bottom of my heart I know that he is going to marry her for the sake of her estate, or because his mother wished it and urged it, and he was too weak-minded to go on saying No. I would not say it for the world, or let any one else say it in my hearing, but in my heart of hearts I know he does not love her."

And then, after a thoughtful silence, she cried to the mute unresponsive woods:

"Oh, it is wicked, abominable, mad, to marry without love!"

The woods spoke to her of Roderick Vawdrey. How often she had ridden by his side beneath these spreading beech boughs, dipping her childish head just as she dipped it to-day under the low branches, steering her pony carefully between the prickly holly bushes, plunging deep into the hollows where the dry leaves crackled under his hoofs.

"I fancied Rorie and I were to spend our lives together—somehow," she said to herself. "It seems very strange for us to be quite parted."

She saw Mr. Vawdrey's name in the fashionable newspapers in the lists of guests at dinners and drums. London life suited him very well, no doubt. She heard that he was a member of the Four-in-hand Club, and turned out in splendid style at Hyde Park Corner. There was no talk yet of his going into Parliament. That was an affair of the future.

Since that evening on which Mrs. Tempest announced her intention of taking a second husband, Violet and Captain Carmichael had only met in the presence of other people. The captain had tried to infuse a certain fatherly familiarity into his manner, but Vixen had met every attempt at friendliness with a sullen disdain, which kept even Captain Carmichael at arm's-length.

"We shall understand each other better by-and-by," he said to himself, galled by this coldness. "It would be a pity to disturb these halcyon days by any thing in the way of a scene. I shall know how to manage Miss Tempest—afterward."

He spoke of her and to her always as Miss Tempest. He had never called her Violet since that night in the Pavilion garden.

These days before her wedding were indeed a halcyon season for Mrs. Tempest. She lived in an atmosphere of millinery and pretty speeches. Her attention was called away from a ribbon by the sweet distraction of a compliment, and oscillated between tender whispers and Honiton lace. Conrad Carmichael was a delightful lover. His enemies would have said that he had done the same kind of thing so often that it would have been strange if he had not done it well. His was assuredly no 'prentice hand in the art. Poor Mrs. Tempest lived in a state of mild intoxication, as dreamily delicious as the effects of opium. She was enchanted with her lover, and still better pleased with herself. At nine-and-thirty it was very sweet to find herself exercising so potent an influence over the captain's strong nature. She could not help comparing herself to Cleopatra, and the captain to Antony. If he had not thrown away a world for her sake, he was at least ready to abandon the busy career which a man loves, and to devote his future existence to rural domesticity. He confessed that he had been hardened by much contact with the world, that he did not love now for the first time; but he told his betrothed that her influence had awakened feelings that had never before been called into life, that this love which he felt for her was to all intents and purposes a first love, the first pure and perfect affection that had subjugated and elevated his soul.

[to be continued.]

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the various explorations in the arctic regions prosecuted during the year 1878, not the least interesting and important is that of Lieutenant Jensen, of the Danish navy, in Greenland. As long ago as 1751, Dalager, who made an expedition to Fredrikshaab, reported that far to the east he observed a series of mountain peaks, which he supposed to be the eastern coast of Greenland. Several attempts have been made to reach these mountains, and to confirm or disprove the supposition; but it was not until the present year that this was accomplished. Lieutenant Jensen, with three Danes and one Greenlander, entered the ice-fields on the 14th of July, dragging their provisions and instruments on three small sledges. After very great vicissitudes the party finally succeeded in reaching the mountains, and in ascending the highest of them on the 31st of July. Its altitude proved to be about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and the vision swept over ice-fields and hummocks to an indefinite distance, showing conclusively that this was not the eastern coast of Greenland, as had been imagined.

The summit of the mountain ascended by Lieutenant Jensen was bare, thus, according to Mr. Robert Brown, establishing the interesting fact that there are peaks in the interior so high that the great ice sheet has not been able to cover them. He also states that there are no grounds for believing that the inland ice of Greenland comes, like ordinary glaciers, from mountain ranges.

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Johannesen, a well-known Norwegian walrus-hunter, has lately discovered a new island, due north of the Yenisei River, in longitude 81° E. and latitude 77° 55'. This is quite flat, and about twelve miles long, with its highest point about one hundred feet above the sea-level. No snow was discerned on the island, which was provided with scanty vegetation, but frequented by innumerable birds. The fact that the sea was free from ice to the west, north, and east, and the occurrence of certain types of animal life, suggest the idea that the Gulf Stream reaches the western side of the island. The island, which Johannesen named "Ensomhaden" (*Loneliness*), is almost due east of Francis Joseph Land, and is thought to be a part of the same archipelago.

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Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the distinguished traveller and naturalist, is mentioned as a candidate for the post of verderer of Epping Forest.

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It is said that the volcano of Cotopaxi is in such a state of activity that the clouds of ashes and smoke issuing from it can be seen at Guayaquil, on the shores of the Pacific.

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The Twelfth Bulletin of the National Museum is an important contribution to American ichthyology, consisting, first, of an article on the distribution of the fishes of the Alleghany region in South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee; secondly, of a synopsis of the family of the *Catostomi*, or suckers, a well-known and characteristic group of American fresh-water fishes. In the first paper Professor Jordan had the assistance of his colleague Mr. Brayton.

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The International Congress of Americanists, which has done so much toward the development of our knowledge of the archæology of the New World, will hold its next and third meeting at Brussels, on the 3d of September. The Count of Flanders will be the honorary president.

The Smithsonian Institution has received coupons of membership, entitling the holder to a copy of the Proceedings for the year. The fee is twelve francs, and the annual volume is usually worth considerably more than that, merely as a book.

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Dr. Bellesme, in studying the appendages of the fly and other dipterous insects known as *halters* or *balancers*, has come to the conclusion that they serve the purpose of acting mechanically as a stop on the base of the wing, restraining more or less its amplitude of vibration, and so varying the flight. The use of these objects has been variously interpreted by previous investigators, such as counter-weights, rods to produce buzzing, etc.

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The biennial report of the Fish Commission of Vermont for 1877–78 is necessarily limited in its account of the work done, in consequence of the very small appropriation made for the purpose of fish-culture and protection. There is, however, an interesting essay upon the recent history of the salmon in the Connecticut and elsewhere, and also some important considerations relative to the protection of fish by legislation.

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The report of the curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College for 1877–78, just published, gives an account of the additions and work accomplished by this institution, among the foremost of American zoological establishments. The reports of the several curators contain accounts of the additions to the museum, which, although not so large as in some previous years, have yet been of satisfactory magnitude.

At the present time Mr. Alexander Agassiz is curator, and Professor J. D. Whitney secretary. The *personnel* of the museum is seventeen in number, some of them, however, giving their services gratuitously. A considerable part of the report is occupied by an account of Mr. Agassiz's new laboratory at Newport, to which we have already referred as perhaps the most elegant and complete establishment of the kind extant.

The invested funds of the museum amount to $560,940; of the various elements composing this sum, that of the Agassiz memorial occupies rather more than half.

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Dr. O. Finsch, the eminent ornithologist, until recently connected with the Natural History Museum of Bremen, will, in accordance with the plan already announced by us, reach New York in January next on his way to the islands of the Pacific. The expense of his tour will be borne in part by the Berlin Humboldt Institution.

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We have already referred to the death of the eminent French mineralogist Mr. G. Delafosse, which occurred on the 13th of October. He was born in 1796, and assisted Haüy in the preparation of his treatise on mineralogy. From 1817 to 1840 he was connected with the Museum of Natural History, and from 1841 to 1875 was professor of mineralogy in the Faculty of Sciences. In 1857 he was elected perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

Numerous memoirs and treatises upon minerals and rocks bear his name, and have exercised an important influence upon the advance of science.

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We announced some time ago the intended publication of an American quarterly microscopical journal, to be edited by Mr. Romyn Hitchcock, to serve as an organ of the New York Microscopical Society. The first number of this journal appeared in October, and contains several interesting papers, which will come duly to the attention of microscopists generally.

The paper of special importance is that on the various forms of *Saprolegniæ*, by Mr. Hine. The occurrence of this low form of vegetation is of much industrial importance, as, among other presentations, it constitutes the fungus which does so much mischief in aquaria and fish-cultural establishments.

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The German African Association is somewhat put out with Prince Bismarck's action in connection with African exploration. The Reichstag voted the sum of about $25,000 for this purpose, with the understanding that the association and the Berlin Geographical Society were to be consulted as to the manner of its expenditure. Recently, however, the Prince has granted $7500 of this sum to Major Mechow without consultation with the association, some of the members of which maintain that that officer is not qualified to do scientific work.

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The latest news from the *Eothen*, the vessel which left New York in 1877 for the purpose of making search for the Franklin relics, is of August 18, 1878, when Captain Spicer, of the bark *Nile*, boarded the vessel at Whale Point, on the west side of Hudson Bay, in latitude 63° 12'. Lieutenant Schwatka and "Esquimau Joe" at that time were on Dépôt Island in search of traces of Sir John Franklin, and were also prosecuting the various branches of scientific research.

Captain Barry expected to winter on Marble Island, Lieutenant Schwatka's party probably spending that season at Repulse Bay, 240 miles westward.

No whales had then been taken by the *Eothen*, although it had been expected that the expenses of the expedition would be defrayed, in part at least, from their capture.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A snow-storm for New York and vicinity had been predicted for several days before Christmas, and so, when the big white snow-flakes began to fall, nobody complained of the cold, nipping wind, but all thought joyfully of merry Christmas sleigh-bells. Little boys and big ones brought out their sleds and made the sidewalks somewhat dangerous for pedestrians. The latter, however, were very good-natured, and returned a sympathetic smile and word when the little fellows saluted them in their glee with, "Want a ride? Five cents." But as that snowy morning wore away, the snow-flakes grew finer and damper, and by mid-afternoon the rain and sleet were falling in a gloomy drizzle amid wild gales of wind—"cold and dark and dreary." The Christmas sleigh-rides, so eagerly anticipated, were utterly ruined. But 1878, though hastening on with rapid steps, had no thought of bidding us farewell until he had given us a few samples of first-class winter weather. The holidays were ushered in with bright, cold, blustering days, such as made Santa Claus's ears tingle, and 1879, yet in embryotic state, wonder whether he could ever equal the last efforts of his predecessor. But fortunately the weather, be it dark or bright, does not check Christmas festivities nor make the New-Year's greetings less cordial or sincere.

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In a letter recently published in the New York *Tribune*, ex-Governor Howard, of Rhode Island, gives a pleasant and deserved tribute to the character and abilities of our late minister to Berlin. A few brief extracts will be interesting to our readers:

"It was my privilege and pleasure to pass several days in the autumn in intimate association with Mr. Taylor. He had been seriously ill, and had been exiled from work and home by the imperative edict of his physician. A few weeks of repose in the mountains had restored him, as he thought, to perfect health, and he had returned in excellent spirits, and very happy at the prospect of a renewal of labor. I never knew him to appear to better advantage than he did while doing the honors of the table at a quiet dinner party at which myself and family were present. He referred to the work before him as one might be expected to speak of an anticipated pastime. I do not know that he ever was afraid of labor. He certainly was not then. I think I never saw on any previous occasion the exceeding kindliness of his nature so abound as it did on the evening referred to. He made no harsh criticisms, uttered no intolerant comments.... Having tarried in Germany some time, I had full opportunity to know that Mr. Taylor was held in unusual esteem by the court. His familiarity with the lessons of history, his long association with men of power and rank in all parts of the world, and his intuitive good sense enabled him to form a correct judgment upon all questions of court etiquette and diplomatic routine. Though entirely regardless of himself, he was fully conscious of the rights and dignity of his government as represented in his person, and firmly though decorously maintained the consideration to which he was entitled by virtue of his high office. It may be confidently asserted that the honor, prestige, and interests of his country would have continued safe in his hands. A little incident, which I think may be mentioned with propriety, is of interest. When the peace of Europe seemed to be menaced, prior to the Berlin Congress, a message was received at the legation to the effect that the presence of our minister at the Royal Palace was requested. When Mr. Taylor appeared, the Emperor said, 'Mr. Taylor, I have sent for you to express the hope that the influence and good offices of your government may be felt wholly in the direction of preventing a war. I have seen enough of battles and bloodshed. I hope there will be no more fighting during the brief time I remain upon earth.'"

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The electric light is about to be introduced into two or three London churches. It is also largely employed at Westgate-on-Sea, upon the extensive estates of an English gentleman who is interested in comparing the relative cost and advantages of electric light and gas. Along the pretty sea-frontage of Westgate are arranged rows of electric and gas lamps, the one to illuminate the broad marine parade and drive, with the tasteful villas and terraces, and the other to light up the ornamental gardens and promenades. Notwithstanding the semi-opaque globes absorbing some sixty per cent. of the brilliant white electric light, the adjacent gas lamps appear in contrast to burn dimly, with a smoky, dull, dirty amber-yellow flame.

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The Soldiers' Home at Bath, New York, will be formally opened on January 23, 1879. The Governor and executive officers of the State, and both branches of the Legislature, have been invited to attend.

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Arrangements are in progress to celebrate in some sufficiently important way at Penzance the centenary of Sir Humphry Davy's birth. This great chemist was born at Ludgvan, near Penzance, in 1778, and was educated and served his apprenticeship to a surgeon in that town.

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Not long ago a Catholic priest in Williamsburg, in his search within his parish for the sick, the poor, and the destitute, found two aged sisters on the verge of starvation. They were huddled together in a small room, which was almost destitute of furniture, and were so weak and worn that the priest at first feared they were past help. But they were cared for immediately, and good arrangements made for their future comfort.

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Throughout the summer the Flower Mission, one of our most beautiful charities, dispenses fragrant gifts to the sick and the poor in hospitals, asylums, and, to some extent, in tenement-houses. The ladies of this mission, thinking what pleasure it would give poor sick people to surround them with something bright and fresh during the holiday season, appealed to the benevolent for gifts of evergreens, pressed leaves, ferns, immortelles, etc., and any appropriate decorations. In response liberal donations were received, not only of the things asked for, but of mottoes, toys, Christmas cards, and various pretty decorations. These will long cheer many weary sufferers who are confined to their beds in charity hospitals.

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At a recent business meeting of the stockholders of the Academy of Music in this city, a resolution was passed that all stockholders for the next two years shall resign their right to free admission and seats at all performances except the regular opera.

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An old church at the corner of Prince and Marion streets is used as a cheap lodging-house for men. The few benches serve as beds. The building is well heated, but no mattresses or coverings are furnished. The prices of lodgings vary from three to ten cents, according to the style of accommodations desired, whether in the basement, which is fitted up with bunks, or in the main room, or in the galleries. Baths are furnished free, and a simple breakfast of an ample supply of Indian meal mush is supplied at a cost of two cents.

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Great distress prevails among the laboring poor throughout England and Scotland—indeed, throughout the whole of Great Britain. The large manufacturing towns are the chief centres of suffering, thousands of unemployed men and starving women and children being dependent upon charity. Measures of relief have been taken, but as yet the distress is great. Many of the middle-class poor, who will not appeal to charity, suffer keenly.

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The inhabitants of Bangor, Maine, have been seriously alarmed by the formation of an ice gorge in the Penobscot River, below the dam at the water-works. The water, not being allowed to pass by reason of the accumulation of ice, flowed back, and fears were entertained that the city would be flooded. The business portion of Bangor is very low, and a flood would affect almost every store in the city. Many merchants moved their goods; but the danger was averted after two or three days by the subsiding of the water.

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On the east side elevated railway trains are now started at busy hours from Franklin Square. By this means passengers from that region are enabled to secure seats, instead of being compelled to stand in cars already overcrowded.

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A singular contention has arisen in Russia between the government and the students of the universities of St. Petersburg and Kharkoff. It appears that the restraints to which the students are subjected inside the university walls, and the police surveillance without, have become intolerable to them.

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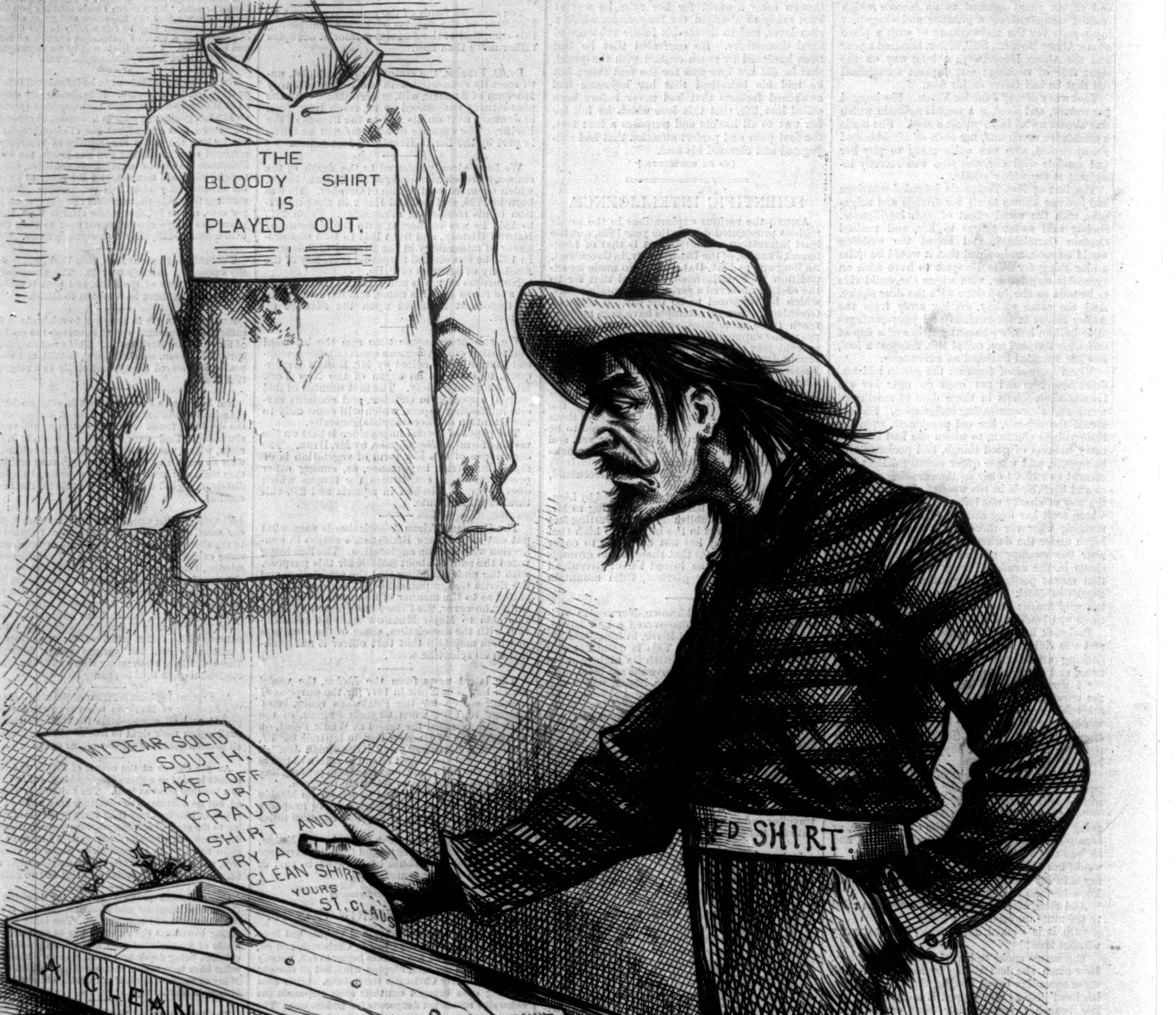
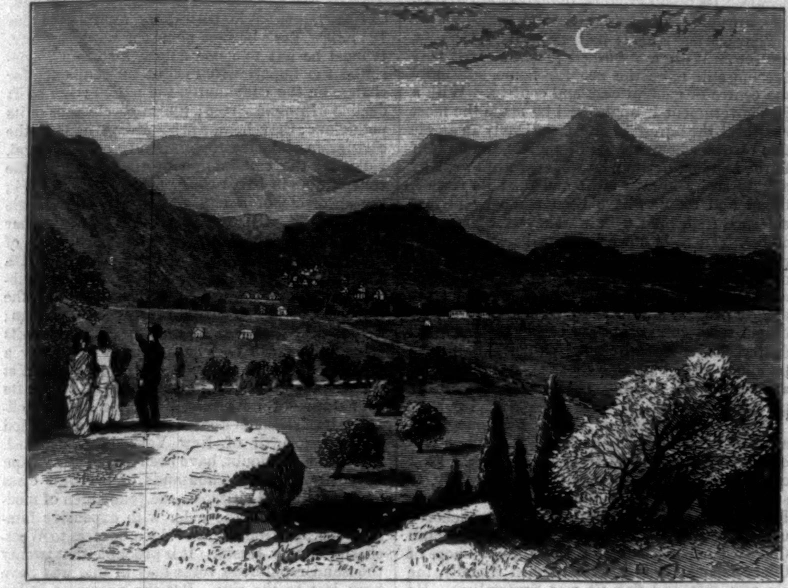
Among the serious discomforts and perils attending the gigantic movement of the tens of thousands of locomotives in constant movement over the continent, is the hideous roar of steam from their safety-valves, which has become a nuisance well-nigh intolerable. Horses are frightened and run away, life and limb are placed in peril, and casualties in which people are killed or maimed for life are frequently reported. Besides this, on closely settled railroad lines the roar of escaping steam startles the people in their homes, makes day and night hideous about the dépôts, and it is altogether an evil of such magnitude that there is now a general voice every where demanding relief.

A remedy for all this discomfort has come to our knowledge recently, from some tests given on the great Pennsylvania Railway, that proves to be so effective and so simple that it will be of interest to state its method.

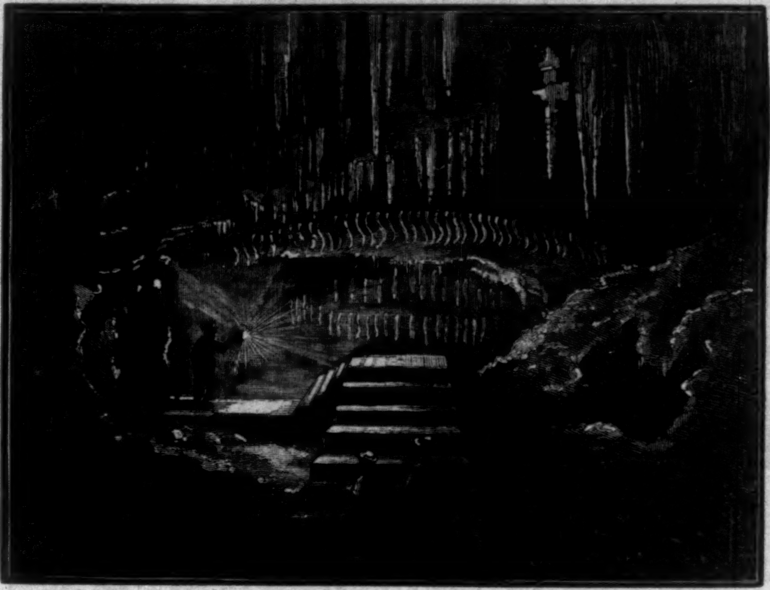
The steam, instead of being discharged into the air with the inconceivable velocity attending the vent of this mighty force, is carried silently and invisibly into the tender of the engine, where it is neither seen nor heard, and where it is all utilized to heat the feed water. It really constitutes a noiseless locomotive, which is a great desideratum, especially in cities, where engines are belching forth their steam, each with its own refrain, making the brain and nerve quiver with the explosion. Here is the remedy. Now let us have peace!


THE BLOODY SHIRT IS PLAYED OUT.
MY DEAR SOLID SOUTH. AKE OFF YOUR FRAUD SHIRT AND TRY A CLEAN SHIRT YOURS ST. CLAUS
A CLEAN-SHIRT.
1879
NOTHING LIKE
ED SHIRT.
A CLEAN SHIRT. IT HAS A CIVILIZING EFFECT AND MAKES ONE FEEL THAT "ALL MEN ARE EQUAL" AT THE POLLS, IN A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.
TRY A CLEAN SHIRT
Th: Nast.

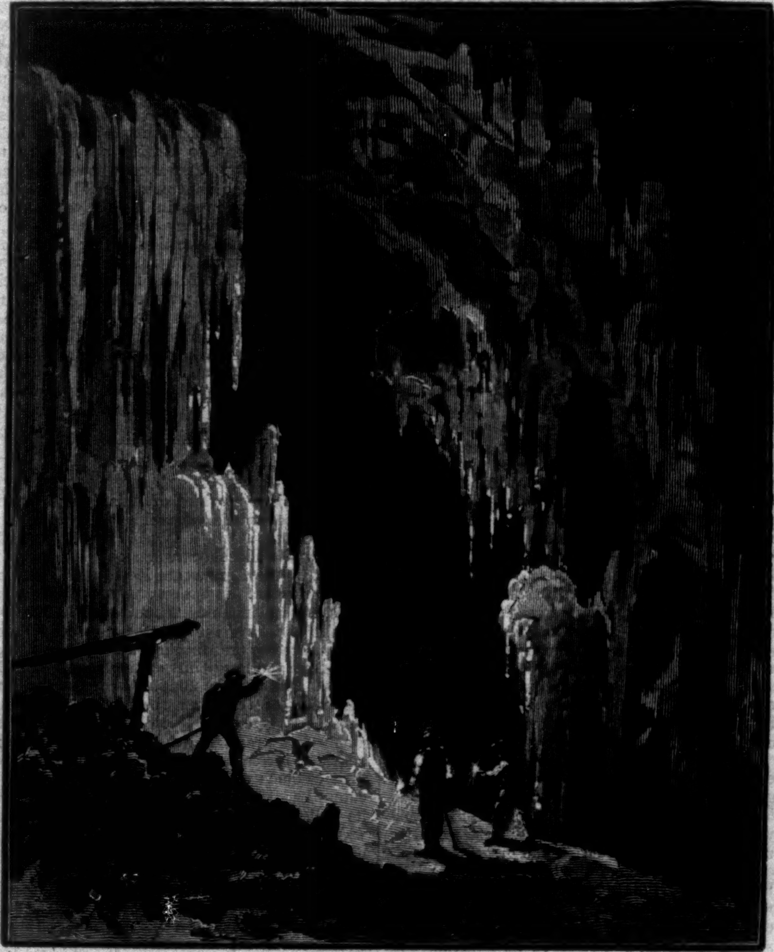
A CHRISTMAS-BOX.



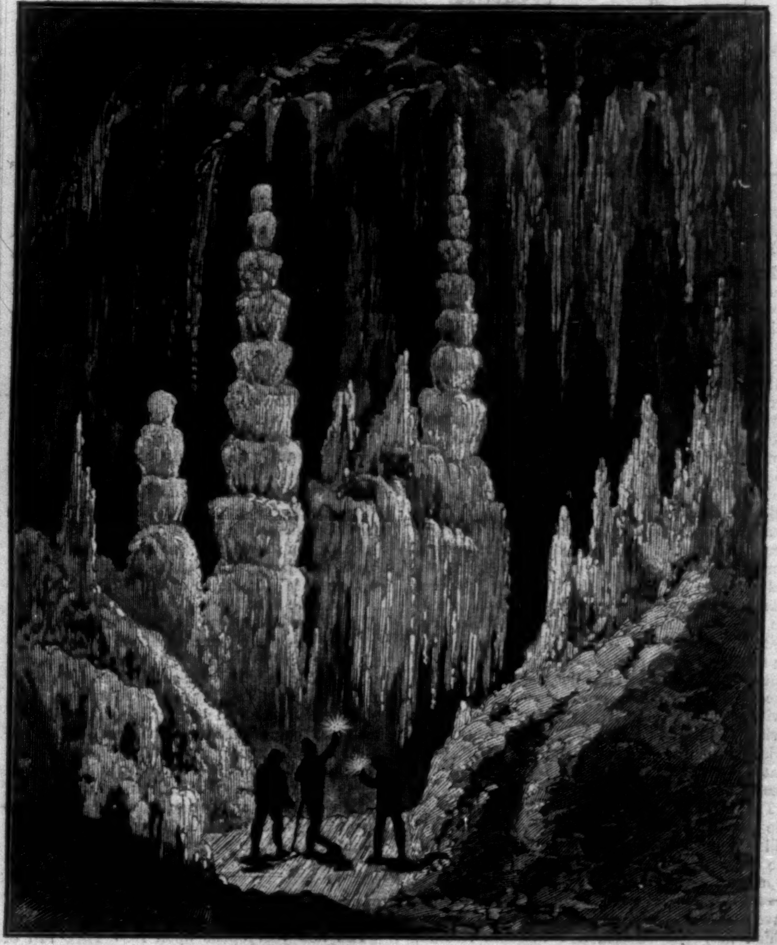
THE BLUE RIDGE AND TOWN OF LURAY, FROM CAVE HILL.



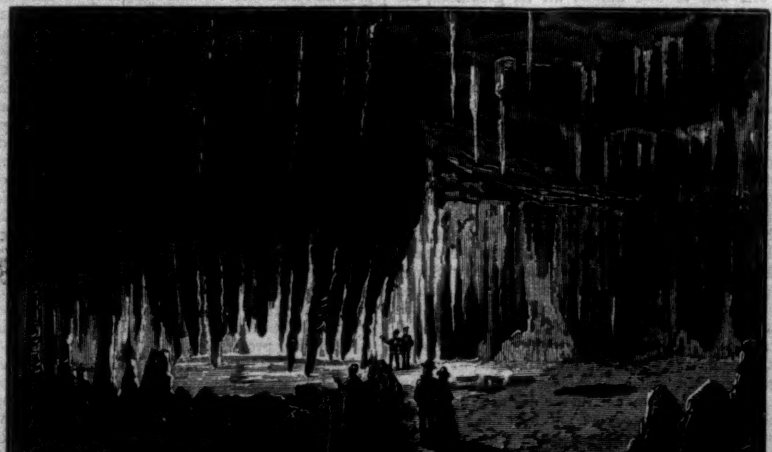
THE FISH-MARKET.



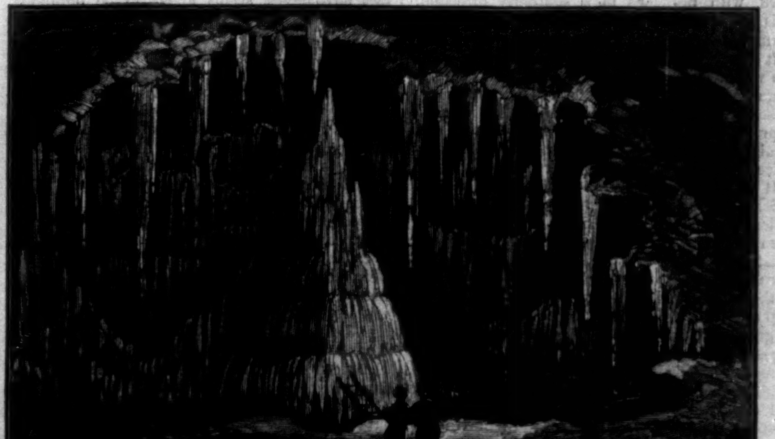
THE SENTINEL AND THE SPECTRE.



THE CATHEDRAL.

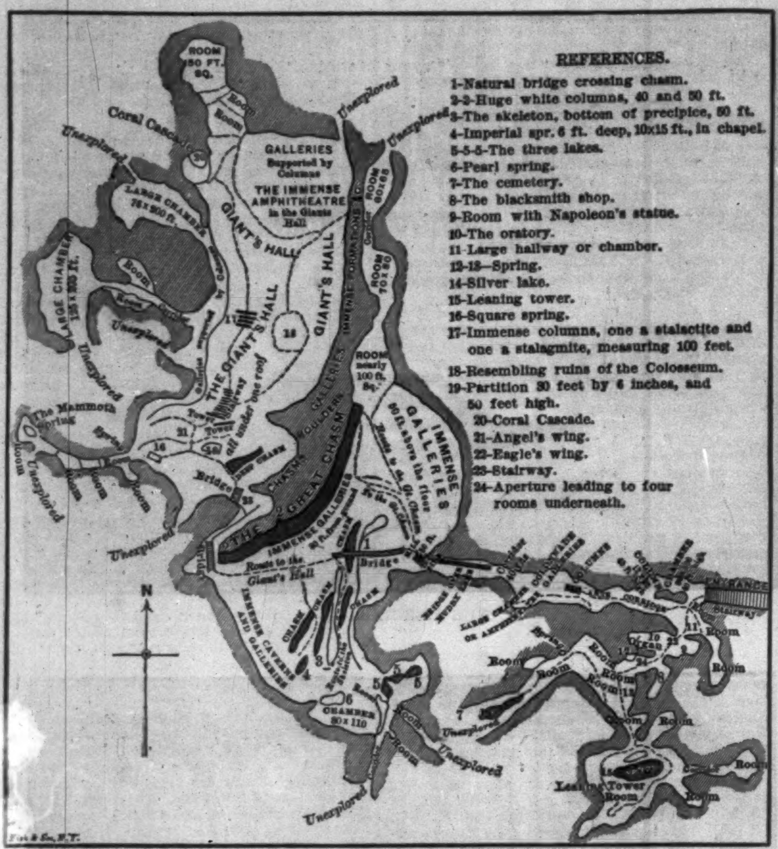


THE VIRGIN FONT.



THE GRAND GULCH.

WONDERS UNDERGROUND—THE CAVES OF LURAY, VIRGINIA.—From Sketches by Alexander Y. Lee.—[See Page 30.]


REFERENCES.
1-Natural bridge crossing chasm.
2-2-Huge white columns, 40 and 50 ft.
3-The skeleton, bottom of precipice, 50 ft.
4-Imperial spr. 6 ft. deep, 10x15 ft., in chapel.
5-5-5-The three lakes.
6-Pearl spring.
7-The cemetery.
8-The blacksmith shop.
9-Room with Napoleon's statue.
10-The oratory.
11-Large hallway or chamber.
12-13-Spring.
14-Silver lake.
15-Leaning tower.
16-Square spring.
17-Immense columns, one a stalactite and one a stalagmite, measuring 100 feet.
18-Resembling ruins of the Colosseum.
19-Partition 30 feet by 6 inches, and 50 feet high.
20-Coral Cascade.
21-Angel's wing.
22-Eagle's wing.
23-Stairway.
24-Aperture leading to four rooms underneath.
ROOM 150 FT. SQ.
Coral Cascade
Unexplored
GALLERIES Supported by Columns
THE IMMENSE AMPHITHEATRE in the Giants Hall
GIANT'S HALL
THE GIANT'S HALL
THE GREAT CHASM
IMMENSE GALLERIES
The Mammoth Spring
Bridge
Route to the Giant's Hall
ENTRANCE
Stairway
Room
Organ
CHAMBER 80 x 110
Leaning Tower Room
N

PLAN OF THE CAVES OF LURAY.

## WONDERS UNDER-GROUND.

THE picturesque little village of Luray, in Page County, Virginia, has suddenly become famous through the discovery in its neighborhood of a series of caves, whose extent and magnificence cast even the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky into the shade. On page 29 our readers will find several sketches of this wonderful subterranean realm, which in former ages might have been imagined to be the abode of fairies, gnomes, and other spirits that shun the light of day, and only come forth to the upper world when the moon or the stars alone can behold their sports. It is strange, by-the-way, that so little use is made of fairy mythology in giving names to the various chambers and galleries in these immense caverns. The discoverers and ex, plorers appear to be wholly without imagination- and never to have read fairy stories or the *Arabian Nights;* and they can think of nothing but the names so familiar to every one who has ever visited a large cave. We know beforehand that we shall find a "cathedral," a "pulpit," an "amphitheatre," a "bridal chamber," and all the rest. The owners of the Luray caves would do well to invite a committee of artists and authors to visit their under-ground possessions, and give the galleries, chasms, bridges, halls, and chambers names that will strike the imagination and add to the pleasure derived from their weird beauty.

The map or plan of the caves, reduced from one recently published in the New York *Herald*, will enable our readers to form a conception of the extent and varied structure of this vast and wonderful cavern, which, as will be seen, has not yet been fully explored. Several passages which have not been traversed lead off into regions which may yet disclose new wonders rivalling and perhaps exceeding those of which we give illustrations. The entrance to the Luray caverns is a long and narrow passageway reached by a flight of stairs, and tending almost directly westward, with branches in a southerly direction. This passageway is adorned with most beautiful columns; the roof hangs with delicate stalactites that glitter in the torch-light. A bridge conducts the visitor over a muddy lake, and then the first large cavern is reached, and the grandeur and mystery of these subterranean scenes begin to impress the imagination with awe, wonder, and admiration. Nothing so vast, so varied, so magnificent, exists in any other cavern known to man.

It would be impossible in the course of a short article to describe all the wonders of the various galleries, chambers, and chasms which branch off from this point. The illustrations drawn by our artist by the light of torches and lanterns give a more graphic idea than can be conveyed by words of the beauty and grandeur to be seen at every step of the way. We will merely follow our artist guide with such brief descriptions as may be necessary to locate the scenes he has so well depicted. After passing the "Muddy Lake" and climbing a rude stairway, we turn to the right and enter what is called the "Fish Market"—a room about forty feet square, and named from the resemblance of the formations on one side to a row of fish strung up by the gills. Continuing our ascent over a high hill in the cavern, we discover the "Grand Gulch," with a depth of seventy-five feet below the surface. The roof arches above at about the same height. Near this is the "Virgin Font," one of the most beautiful formations in the whole cavern. Under a curiously shaped group of stalactites a small pool of clear water is visible through a stalagmite formation as white and pure as snow. Passing along in the gulch a distance of about a hundred feet, we are confronted by the "Sentinel," and further on the "Spectre" looms up dim and ghastly in the flickering light. This formation is about seventy-five feet high. Not far from this spot a small bridge spans the ravine, at the bottom of which a human skeleton was found by the first explorers—perhaps that of some prehistoric man—partially concealed by formations which have been accumulating about it during the ages that have elapsed since life was dashed out of it by the fall into the horrible darkness of this awful chasm.

The "Cathedral" is remarkable for the size, variety, and beauty of its formations, some rising to a great height from the floor, and others depending from the arched and dome-like roof. One can easily imagine himself standing in some wonderful hall described in the *Arabian Nights*, the work of genii; and again one is vexed at the want of taste or fancy that applies so commonplace and inappropriate a name to a scene of such weird and fantastic beauty.

These are a few only of the wonders to be found in this most remarkable of caverns. Its full extent may never be known. Those who have most carefully explored its various ramifications believe that they will be found to extend in a continuous chain to the Shenandoah River. Doubtless explorations will be pushed forward with redoubled energy in the hope of new discoveries; but even now the Luray Cavern has no rival among the subterranean regions known to man, and if convenient and suitable travelling facilities for reaching it are provided, it will no doubt attract thousands of visitors during the next summer.

## THE NEW YEAR IN NEW YORK.

THE new year opens upon New York full of promise. It has a new government and some prospect of reform. The heavy burden of general misrule, of cruel taxation, declining values, of important interests uncared for, neglected or lost advantages, seems about to be lightened. The perilous despotism of a single party has at last been shaken. In every other point of view except that of government it is still one of the most fortunate of cities. Never was there such a magnificent growth, such a natural and well-earned prosperity. Years of plenty have poured into its bosom the food of Europe, and its corn fleets sail as regularly to feed the distant East as the fleets of Africa and Egypt once sailed to hungry Rome. It is allowed to possess the finest harbor, the most secure site, of all the world's emporiums. The earthquakes that shook the ancient capitals, the floods and storms that visit even London and Paris, the plagues that sweep over the Orient, are turned away from it by a benignant hand. Its population has grown with a rapidity unknown to Europe. A hundred years ago London had 600,000 inhabitants, and New York only 20,000—was thirty times less than its European foe. To-day London is scarcely three times as populous as New York, or, including all the suburbs, probably not more than twice as large. Before the close of the century there may be little difference between the size of the two capitals. With a better government, New York would already have made that difference less. Around its magnificent harbor, its broad, pure rivers, beneath its generally clement skies, its people live in the midst of abundance, and enjoy all the products of the globe. When STRABO described the charms of the Campus Martius, or AMMIANUS painted the luxury of Rome, it was chiefly upon the splendor of the palaces and public buildings that they dwelt, on the good fortune of the few rather than of the many. Happily New York is still in some degree the home of the people. Its broad avenues, that shoot out to Harlem, are lined with the shops and homes of the industrious and frugal: its palaces, its cathedrals, are few. With a reformed government it may become still more the people's home, still more the centre of general ease and content. With a just government it might well be made the most healthful, the purest, of cities. Already an ample tide of water flows through its midst, the envy of Paris, London, Berlin; its wharves are swept by mighty rivers always swift and full; its streets, broad and regular, have been made by private enterprise splendid with warehouses, shops, and offices. There is nowhere a spectacle of human prosperity and growth so fine, amazing, as that opening upon the stranger's eye from the Narrows to the broad mouth of the Hudson; the thickly peopled shores, the crowded wharves, the limpid waters, the countless marks of human industry, the endless lines of public and private buildings filling all the distance, startle the imagination with a sense of present and future greatness.

From the prospect of the present one turns away to review the city of the past. It is a reverie, a fancy, almost unrivalled in history. First comes a solitary ship, small, slow, ungainly, to survey the opening of the great bay at Sandy Hook. HUDSON crossed the sandy bar, anchored under its shelter, visited the savages in Monmouth County, landed, it is believed, on the low shore of Coney Island. The natives seemed friendly, the air was soft and fine (it was September). He was stirred by the thought that he had discovered the path to India. He turned his prow upward, passed the leafy portal of the Narrows, saw with delight, in the soft autumnal sunshine, the harbor and the rocky site of New York. Next he entered the river that was to bear his name, beheld its matchless scenery, pressed upward through the broad Tappan Zee, ventured into the mountain passes, reached Albany. The weather was fair, the landscape green, the skies magnificent. The soft September air followed him through his voyage. He found some natives friendly, some hostile. At the place where Newburgh stands he said there was the site for a fine city. His voyage was prosperous. Once more he passed the solitary Narrows, saw for the last time the low shore of Coney Island and the Monmouth coast, and passed out into the unfathomable, unknown sea. HUDSON perished, but his name lives in the bay and river he gave to Europe. Years pass on: the rocky site of New York is covered with the quaint tiled houses of the Dutch; the church, the school, are planted; and where now the commerce of the world finds shelter, a few weighty galiots carried away the furs and trappings of the savages. Next the English city springs up before us. A hundred years ago a population estimated differently at from 18,000 to 25,000 had gathered on the spot where HUDSON had seen only the hostile savages. In 1749 it was a delightful city, its streets lined with trees, its people hospitable and gay, its churches grand, its houses hid in foliage; it seemed to the European visitor the abode of perpetual peace. Then in the historical panorama comes the horrid phantasm of war: half burned, half desolate, New York becomes a frowning fortress, surrounded by the great fleets of HOWE and RODNEY, covered with cannon, glittering with the pomp of British armies equipped for the conquest of the continent. This, too, passes on, and next WASHINGTON is seen leading his victorious army down Bowery Lane into the liberated city, the herald of universal freedom.

Freedom seemed to crown New York with unexampled prosperity. It sprang at once into greatness. Its population rose from twenty to fifty, a hundred thousand; its commerce seemed vast, its wealth extraordinary; it surpassed all its rivals on the Atlantic coast, and great fleets sailed to Europe through the leafy Narrows, where HUDSON had led the way in his solitary ship, laden with the riches of the West. The war of 1812 checked only for a moment its rapid progress; it sprang up again, and renewed its supremacy as the emporium of a boundless continent. But to the bold conception of one clear and energetic intellect, one brilliant, cultivated projector, New York was to owe almost all its greatness, the Western States their earliest progress, and Europe a boundless supply of food that has satisfied its hungry millions. CLINTON conceived the design of a canal through the wilderness; a ditch three hundred miles and more in length cut through marsh, forest, rock—a fanciful, impracticable scheme that seemed to his contemporaries the vision of a madman. An admirable volume might be written on the pains, the toils, the ardor of this unrivalled projector, the fury of his enemies, the zeal he inspired in his friends, the control he gained over his native State, the doubt, the fear, the wonderful success. When at last the waters of the lakes were linked to the ocean, the settlement of the West began, new States sprang up in the wilderness, new nations seemed just born; but to the city of New York came such a flood of prosperity as had come to no other city of the time. Its population soon doubled, its harbor was filled with its own ships, its wealth grew great. The canals most valuable to mankind poured down each year a larger supply of all the Western products, and still the wonderful work of the rare projector, prophet, benefactor of his race, feeds America and Europe. So long as the canal remains open, no forestaller can cheat them of their food, no private company lay its heavy burdens on the poor. Next came the aqueduct, built with rare honesty and excellence; then the railways, overloaded with expense; the steam-ships, the ferries, the extensive trade, the trifling debt, light taxes, reputable rule. For nearly thirty years after the opening of its canal New York remained honest, moderate, refined.

The next period is that of immigration. A famine raged in Europe; there was plenty in America. The hospitable New World threw open its gates to the hungry strangers. Ireland, Germany, poured in their busy swarms. From 1847 New York became almost a European city. It must be left to some future historian to describe the important effect of this unlooked-for change on the community, the nation; the swift decline of public virtue; the desperate aims of its politicians; the rebellion produced, perhaps, by the corruption of the metropolis; the growth of fraud, violence; the culmination of the crimes of the conspirators in 1870; their partial defeat in 1871; the spectacle of a city since ruled by a single alien's hand. History will paint with singular clearness, no doubt, the causes and the authors of the misfortunes of New York. A JUVENAL, a TACITUS, would sigh over the decay of republican virtue; a political economist show how the resources of the city were squandered or stolen; a philanthropist lament its enormous debt—its intolerable taxes that had made it no longer a home for the industrious, the moderate. Yet such is the wonderful influence of the rare gifts of nature—of its rivers, harbor, canal; its climate, its freedom—that only for a brief period has the growth of New York been checked. Thousands, no doubt, have been driven away from its costly streets. Thousands of the best class of its voters and citizens—the young men of moderate incomes, or the elder with expensive families—escape from its tax-ridden borders to Westchester or New Jersey. It is probable that twenty thousand republican votes may in this way have been lost to the city. But the new year opens upon a reviving trade, a growing population, a change in the world of politics, that may lead to better things. New York is changing. The foreign element of its population is slowly becoming American. Schools, churches, institutions, freedom, can scarcely be without their effect. It is still possible that the government of New York may be administered with honesty and cheapness; its taxes lowered by a wise economy; its wisest citizens control its affairs. An honest league may yet be formed that shall consult only the public good. Our citizens must learn to labor for their city. PLUTARCH, who was prefect, scholar, archon, the emperor's friend, became the commissioner of sewers in his native town of Chæronea. "It is for my country, not myself," he said, "that I measure tiles, gather stones and mortar." It remains for the citizens of New York to repair in the future the results of their negligence in the past; to devote their time to its government; to fill its offices decently; to labor together for the common good. In this way every new year will bring a new impulse of advancing prosperity, and the metropolis of the country become the symbol of republicanism and peace.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## SKETCHES IN LADAKH.

LADAKH is a province of Asia, lying between Great Thibet on the east and Little Thibet on the west. On the south it is separated from Cashmere by the Himalaya, while on the north it is divided by the Karakorum Mountains from Chinese Turkestan. It has an area of 30,000 square miles, and the inhabitants number about 200,000. Ladakh is part of the elevated table-land which is supported by the Himalaya system, and divided by it from the low plains of the Ganges and the Indus. Through the middle of the country runs the valley of the latter river, here called Sing-ke-tse. It is extremely well watered from the numberless streams which pour down the mountain-sides, increasing in volume until they reach their common receptacle, the Indus. This river enters Ladakh at the southern extremity, where its valley is more than two miles wide. This width continues as far as Roodok, a considerable distance above Leh, the capital of the country. At Roodok the high land comes up to the bed of the river, which rushes on with great impetuosity until it reaches the plain where Leh is built. Communication between Ladakh and the neighboring countries is very difficult, except by way of the valley of the Indus, owing to the mountain ranges which traverse it in all directions.

The capital of Ladakh is Leh, of which we give an admirable view in our group of sketches on page 32. It is situated at the spur of the immense range of mountains which divide the valley of the Shayuk or Nubra River from that of the Indus, and is composed of some six or seven hundred flat-roofed buildings. The interior of the town is a confused assemblage of houses and narrow alleys. On the south side is a small open space resembling a park, on the edges of which are some of the best houses. The Rajah's residence—a singular but not inelegant structure on an elevated situation behind the town—overlooks the whole, and there is a square fort upon the plain near. There are several bazars in Leh, each containing a number of shops, for the town has an extensive commerce. It is the great entrepôt for the wool used in the manufacture of shawls, and three great fairs are held annually, visited by merchants from Cashmere, India, and all the neighboring provinces.

The inhabitants of Ladakh are in general an honest but indolent people, and, when not corrupted by the bad example of their neighbors of Cashmere, ingenuous and moral. They have some singular institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents, who may continue to live with him if he and his wife please; if not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. Polyandry is also a custom much in vogue. A family of brothers will have a single wife in common, who thus not infrequently finds herself provided with half a dozen husbands. Among these the eldest retains his position as head of the family, the younger brothers waiting upon him almost as servants. On the death of the elder brother his property, authority, and widow fall to the next below him in age. The dress of the natives of Ladakh is a coarse cloth made of sheep's wool; in winter the poor wrap themselves in the skin of the animal. They wear high black caps falling over one ear, shoes of undressed hide, within which they sew woolen cloth, which comes up to the middle of the leg. Their hair is plaited like that of women, and falls down in a braid behind; they shave the beard, but preserve the mustache. Their outside garment is usually a tunic, the upper part of which is arranged in folds, while the lower is straight and scanty. The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men. A lady of rank is known by the number of jewels which she wears braided in with her hair. Among the wealthier classes there is the same plurality of wives as in other Eastern countries.

The religion of the Ladakhis is a variation of Buddhism called Lamaism. As ancient Buddhism contains no worship of God, but merely an adoration of the saints, so is the latter the main feature of Lamaism. The essence of all that is sacred is comprised by this religion under the name of dKon, mChhog, gSsum—the "Buddha jewel," the "doctrine jewel," and the "priesthood jewel." The first person and the most important of this trinity is the Buddha, and to him the temples are dedicated, each one usually enshrining a huge image representing in a more or less hideous form the great founder of the Buddhist faith. One of the great temples in Ladakh is that at Shé, in the neighborhood of the capital. The statue of Buddha here enshrined, of which we give a representation, is thirty feet in height. The posture is sitting, and the countenance is designed to express the complete abstraction which is the aim of the faithful Buddhist. On entering the temple the lower part only of the image is visible, as the head and shoulders pass through a flooring, to which it is necessary to ascend in order to obtain a view of the face. Buddha is not looked upon as a deity who has had aught to do with the origin or creation of the universe; he is merely the founder of the doctrine, the highest saint, though endowed with all the qualities of supreme wisdom, power, virtue, and beauty, which raise him above all others who have ever lived.

One curious device which the Buddhist employs to assist him in his devotions is the celebrated "prayer cylinder." These are to be met with every where in Ladakh. In the "Lamaseries" or temples they resemble small painted barrels turning on vertical axles, and ranged along the wall in rows. Inside each cylinder is a roll of paper some hundred feet long, on which is repeated many thousand times the mystic sentence, "Aum Mani Padme Houm." The words are Sanskrit in origin, and the literal translation would be, "O!—The jewel—lotus—Amen!" Each syllable is, however, supposed to contain a charm of mysterious power, but although scholars learned in Sanskrit have made every effort to discover the occult meaning of the terms, convinced that, from the tenacity with which they have been preserved, and the faith that all Buddhists have in their potency, they must embody some truth of great significance, the mystical sentence has not yet been interpreted, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. The people of Ladakh carry small cylinders about with them, so as to have the paraphernalia of devotion accessible at any moment, but, as if this were not enough, larger cylinders are placed in the neighborhood of streams, and turned by water-power like the wheels of a mill. Outside the villages are also series of long mounds covered with flat stones, and on these the mystic sentence again appears. On the road-side and even in uninhabited wastes these stones amaze the traveller by their frequency. A solution of the problem may, however, be found in the fact that they are engraved by the Lamas and sold to the people, who look upon the placing of such stones as an expression of devotion, or perhaps as a votive offering to the saints they worship.

The public services of Lamaism consist chiefly in the recitation of prayers and sacred texts, and the intonation of hymns accompanied by a kind of music which is a chaos of the most inharmonious and deafening sounds of horns, trumpets, and drums of various descriptions. During this worship, which takes place three times a day, the Lamas, summoned by the tolling of a little bell, are seated in two or more rows according to their rank, and on special occasions and holy-days the temples and altars are decorated with symbolical figures, while offerings of tea, flour, milk, butter, and others of a similar nature are made by the worshippers, animal sacrifices or offerings entailing injury to life being forbidden, as in Buddhism. Baptism and confirmation are the two principal sacraments of Lamaism. The former is administered on the third or tenth day after birth, the latter generally when the child can walk and speak. The marriage ceremony is not a religious but a civil act; nevertheless, the Lamas know how to turn it to the best advantage, as it is from them that the bride and bridegroom have to learn the auspicious day when it should be performed; nor do they fail to complete the act with prayers and rites, which must be responded to with handsome presents. A similar observation applies to the funeral ceremonies. Properly speaking there are none, for Lamaism does not allow the interment of the dead. Persons distinguished by rank, learning, or piety are burned after their death; but the general method of disposing of dead bodies in Ladakh, as in Thibet and Mongolia, is to expose them in the open air to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey; yet a Lama must be present at the moment of death in order to superintend the separation of body and soul, to calm the departing spirit, and to enable it to be reborn into a happy existence. He must determine the auspicious place where, and the auspicious day and hour when, the corpse shall be exposed. The most lucrative part of his business, however, is the masses which he has to perform until the soul is released from Yama, the infernal judge, and ready to re-enter into its new existence, the doctrine of metempsychosis being the same in Lamaism as in Buddhism. When so important a person as a Lama dies there are various ways of disposing of his body. One is by burning, after which the ashes are collected and put into curiously shaped receptacles called "chortens." These are found in great clusters round the villages, and make them appear from a distance to be much larger than they really are. Should a Lama of exceedingly great sanctity die, his ashes are gathered up and mixed with clay, out of which small images are moulded, and placed on shelves in some one of the many temples. The number of Lamas is very great; there are three degrees, and the superiors possess immense power and influence both in temporal and spiritual matters.

## HOW RAISINS ARE PREPARED.

A STRIP of land bordering on the Mediterranean, somewhat less than one hundred miles in length, and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin-producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly; but the fruit must go to the market or the wine-press. When the grape begins to ripen in August, the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm, dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut bunches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press till enough has been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough-dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries, and deposited in piles by themselves. So, in turn, are treated those of the second quality; while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers, and reserved for the home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box, and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid, so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing, the raisins are dropped into the boxes for market.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

JANUARY.

*Sunday,* 12.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
*Sunday,* 19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
*Saturday,* 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
*Sunday,* 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MR. SPURGEON's bodily infirmities appear to grow upon him. For several years he has had to lay aside all work in the early winter, and this season, he has been prostrated earlier than usual. In the December number of the *Sword and Trowel*, which he edits, he says of himself: "We issue this closing number of the year's magazine from the sick-chamber. One could wish that zeal and fervor were not restrained and hampered by being yoked to painful infirmities of flesh. We *could* do more, and we think we may add without self-confidence, we *would* do more, if we were not laid prostrate at the very moment when our work requires our presence." The wonder is that Mr. SPURGEON has been able to do half he undertakes. The largest congregation in London, an orphanage, a training college, and a monthly magazine are too much for the personal attention of one man, and Mr. SPURGEON gives to every one of these interests close personal attention.

On Sunday evening, December 22, Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY closed his six weeks' series of temperance meetings in New York. The hall of the Cooper Union was densely filled. Among the persons of note on the platform were THURLOW WEED and ex-Governor MORGAN. Mr. MURPHY was very weary, and spoke of needing rest. It is thought, however, that arrangements will be made for keeping him in this city until May next.

There is no occasion to condemn in advance the work of the American Bible Revision Committee, especially on the ground that Dr. EZRA ABBOT, the learned Harvard librarian, is a member. In Biblical criticism he is one of the foremost of American scholars, and his absence from the committee would be a misfortune. Objection has been made that he is a Unitarian. To this the *Christian Intelligencer* answers well: "The cry of sectarian partiality has never been heard within the committee. The members declare with one consent, as we are authentically informed, that their associate from Cambridge has always acted, in their judgment, with supreme devotion to truth. Their opinion ought to be decisive." LUTHER, it is said, called to his aid, in translating the Old Testament, Jewish rabbis; but Dr. ABBOT is neither a Jew nor a heathen, but, though as to denomination a Unitarian, a Christian.

It begins to be clear that the five millions which secured us Alaska bought for us a large slice of heathendom. The Presbyterians, under the leadership of the hardy pioneer SHELDON JACKSON, have established a mission there. An effort is making to found an Alaska home for girls, and the facts show one is much needed. They are painful enough: "Women are regarded only as slaves; daughters are sold for blankets. A girl's fate is to be murdered in babyhood, or sold to shame in girlhood. In this part of our land no brother protects a sister, no father cherishes a daughter; even mothers know no motherhood." A few thousands will organize a home wherein right ideas of domestic life may be illustrated.

It is the practice in the Scotch Kirk and in the Free Church of Scotland to choose the Moderators of Assembly six months in advance. In the State Kirk the appointing body consists of the old Moderators; in the Free Church of a commission of members of its last Assembly. The Rev. JAMES CHRYSTAL, of Auchinleck, has been named as Moderator of the former, and the Rev. J. C. BURNS, of the latter. Mr. BURNS is a brother-in-law of the late Dr. GUTHRIE. The Church Extension Fund of the Free Church has reached the sum of £92,000.

The ritualistic conflict in England increases in bitterness. The Bishop of Rochester has issued a letter to his clergy in which he declines "either to confirm, preach, or perform any official act in churches adopting an illegal ritual, on the simple ground that, as one of the Church's rulers, he can not even appear to condone by his presence and ministrations a distinct violation of the Church's order." Much interest has also been excited by a letter of the Rev. OSBY SHIPLEY, who has lately gone over to Rome. "I have long held," he says, "and have long taught nearly every Catholic doctrine not actually denied by the Anglican formularies, and have accepted and helped to revive nearly every Catholic practice not positively forbidden. In short, intellectually and in externals, as far as I could as a loyal English clergyman, I have believed and acted as a Catholic."

Dr. EDWARD LATHROP, formerly pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in this city, who has been travelling in the South as the representative of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, gives, as the result of a careful examination, a cheering account of the condition of the freedmen. In the State of Georgia, whose progress in education was recently noticed in this column, the number of colored children enrolled in the public schools was, in 1871, 6664; in 1873, 19,755; in 1874, 42,374; in 1875, 50,358; in 1877, 62,330. This is rapid progress. Of the Baptist schools Dr. LATHROP says: "The Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has given to the colored people of that and other States 500 teachers in addition to the large number of well-furnished preachers whom it has sent into the field. One institution at Richmond has furnished several of the Virginia associations with moderators, has given two missionaries to Africa, two or three presidents to conventions—one of these the Consolidated Convention of the United States—and numbers among its former pupils a professor of languages and a professor of mathematics." Dr. LATHROP also reports that the growth of the colored people in intelligence is compelling their preachers to read and study.

The Hon. JOHN JAY has done a valuable public service in replying to the strictures of the Rev. Father NEWMAN, of the Roman Catholic Church at Mount Kisko, New York, on his address before the Westchester County Bible Society. Father NEWMAN took it upon him to condemn Bible societies as "engaged in circulating dishonest versions from corrupt texts," and yet maintained that the Roman Catholic Church is not opposed to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. JAY points out that when, "in 1731, QUESNEL, a Roman Catholic, maintained that the preaching of the Holy Scriptures is for every body, Pope CLEMENT XI. in the bull *Unigenitus* denounced his sentiments as false, shocking to pious ears, scandalous, pernicious, rash, seditious, and blasphemous. In 1820 LEO XII. denounced Bible societies as 'strolling with effrontery through the world.'" GREGORY XVI. in the time of his pontificate issued a bull closing with the words: "We confirm and renew the decrees delivered in former times by apostolic authority against the publication, distribution, reading, and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures."

Mr. JAY comes very appropriately to the defense of the free circulation of the Scriptures. His grandfather, JOHN JAY, was the first president of the Westchester County Bible Society, in 1814; his father, Judge WILLIAM JAY, was the third president. Since 1877 Mr. JAY has filled that position. The society has been in existence sixty-four years.

Bishop PENICK, who has gone to Liberia, to build up the missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, gives an account of his pioneer labor, which will discourage romantic enthusiasts, but only stir the blood of men of heroic temper. He is occupied in "burning brush, grubbing stumps, dressing plank, sawing it, making shelves, boxes, desks, etc. Our friends," he writes, "can not imagine how we are thrown back on first principles, as it were broadside, and the man who can command most power in these is apt to get on best, and to become first established in the respect of the natives." Bishop PENICK seems to have these first principles—in fact, to be well grounded in them.

The Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society have issued their statement for 1878. For domestic missions their receipts have been $157,498; for foreign missions, $116,514. They call upon the people to contribute during 1879 to domestic missions, $155,000; to foreign missions, $135,000. The changes in the organization effected by the General Convention of 1877 have reduced the expense of administration $12,000, and promise to work satisfactorily in other respects.

The Pope's Cardinal Vicar has authorized in all the churches of Rome the singing of a "Te Deum" as a thanksgiving to God for the preservation of the King from death by the hands of an assassin at Naples. This is well, and does credit to the Pope's head and heart, though it be but the prompting of common humanity. The Roman papers are discussing the question in what terms LEO XIII. wrote to King HUMBERT when the news of the attempted assassination reached the Vatican. The letter was prepared by a cardinal, and, according to one report, expressed the hope that "his Majesty might at length recognize the danger of a policy which, by violating all Divine and human laws, had so thoroughly demoralized the people." Most likely LEO took occasion to be paternal, for that is the papal style, but it may be questioned if his amanuensis perpetrated a sentence so rude. The return of King HUMBERT to Rome was attended with an outburst of popular joy which greatly affected him and the Queen.

The announcement of the resignation by the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON of the pastorate in Brooklyn which he has held for over twenty years will be received with great regret. Since his return from travel the cancer upon his lower lip has developed again, and rest and freedom from care are enjoined as absolutely needful for the recovery of his health. Dr. R. S. STORRS read the letter of resignation to the congregation of Clinton Avenue Church on Sunday morning, December 22, with much emotion. Dr. BUDINGTON's catholic spirit, well-balanced faculties, and beautiful Christian character have not only endeared him to his people, but have given him a well-earned influence as preacher, writer, and representative of the interests of Christianity throughout the country.

Dr. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, one of the most intelligent observers of the religious movements of France, expresses the opinion that many Frenchmen are inclining to Protestantism. "Recently," he states, "in the department of Ain, whole communes have been asking to be organized as Protestant parishes." The project of a new religious and political French Protestant journal, already noticed in this column, is for the present held in suspense. It is now estimated that 100,000 persons attended the conferences held in the Salle Évangélique, Paris, during the recent Exposition. The discourses delivered under the direction of the English Christian Evidence Society, at the same time, will be published soon in volume form.

It is satisfactory to find the *Lutheran Observer* calling attention to the prevalent carelessness in the making up of ecclesiastical statistics. The Lutheran Almanac of the General Synod makes the totals for Lutheranism in the United States to the close of 1878 to be: 57 synods, 3037 ministers, 5303 churches, and 676,559 communicants. The Church Almanac of the General Council gives the following totals: 57 synods, 2976 ministers, 5176 churches, and 808,428 communicants. As the number of Synods stated by these authorities is the same, the difference in the other totals is the more remarkable. There are similar though not as great discrepancies in the statistics reported for the Protestant Episcopal Church. POTT & YOUNG's Almanac gives 48 dioceses, 13 missionary districts, 63 bishops, 3330 clergymen, 2900 parishes, 25,190 confirmations in 1878, 312,718 communicants, and $5,788,266 as the sum of contributions reported. WHITTAKER's makes the totals: 63 bishops, 3204 priests and deacons, 3002 parishes, 26,713 confirmations, 314,367 communicants, and contributions to the amount of $6,477,806. There is much complaint among Baptists of the difficulty of procuring full reports from their State associations. There is a complete official machinery for the collection of Methodist and Presbyterian statistics in the United States, and if pastors do their duty, the yearly totals reported ought not to fail of accuracy.

OK

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE genteel tramp mounted the steps and rang the front-door bell, and, according to the Philadelphia *Transcript*, spoke as follows: "Would you be so kind," said he, as the mistress of the house appeared at the door, "to exchange this piece of pie for a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee? I am of a dyspeptic turn, and this is the ninth quarter of a mince-pie that I have had to go through this morning. I can't stand it; it's too much of a sameness. If you accept my proposition, you can also have the satisfaction of telling the neighbors that Mrs. Robinson, across the street, uses allspice instead of cloves, and that the under crust is very slack baked." The temptation was great, and the genteel tramp had his eggs and coffee, and a large triangle of frosted cake as a bonus.

When a clothes-pin drops from the line, doesn't it become a terrapin the moment it touches the earth?

No veteran smoker would enjoy smoking in the dark, because to smoke properly one must have a light.

Dancing has been introduced into the army. Probably you have heard of its squad-drills.

"Who brayed there?" asked a member of the Canadian House of Commons of the persons who were trying by interruption to silence him. "It was an echo," retorted a voice.

DISTINGUISHED DIVINE (*to recent convert*). "We propose to baptize you by the Turkish bath method. It is really the only means to scrub your years of sin out of you."

"Marriage," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you."

"A volcano," according to a Brooklyn scholar, "is a mountain which gives forth smoke, flame, and lager."

A beautiful English lady was walking in the Rue de la Paix, when a French dandy greatly annoyed her by pertinaciously dogging her and glaring at her. She turned upon him, and said, "Really, I have not a single sou to give you."

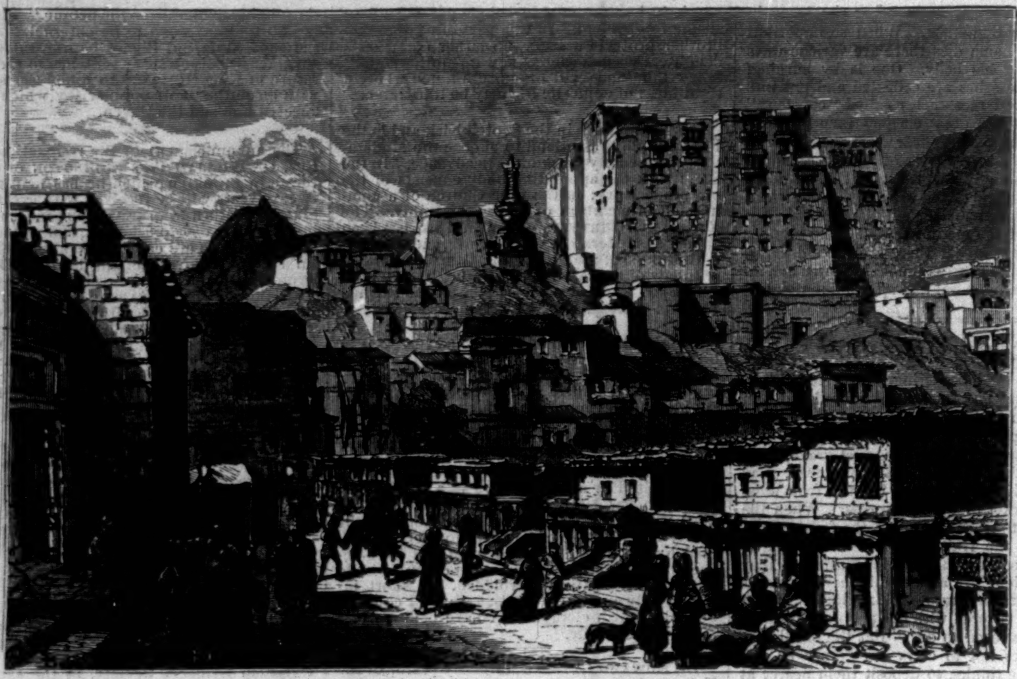
Pat Murphy says there are so many fish in the sea that if you should take every fish you could catch out of it, he didn't think there would be one less in it.

ANTS THAT KEEP THE WORLD BUSY—Inf-ants.

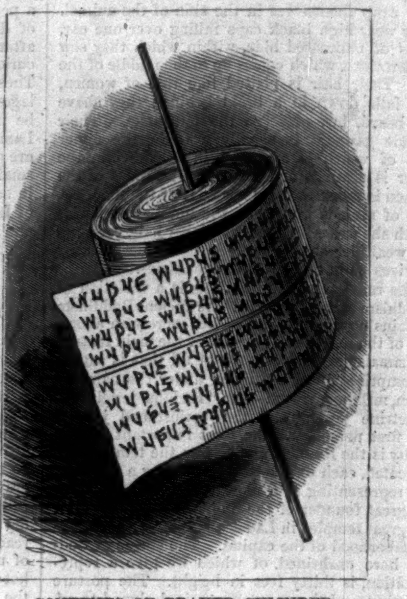
"Say, Johnsing, why does you remind me of a mad dog?" said one colored brother to another, who was recumbing under a buffalo-robe. "Gub it up," was the answer. "Kase you's got hide-rough-ober-yer! Yah, yah!"

The surgeon-in-chief sent for one of his junior assistants, who, hastening to his superior's assistance, found him just sitting down to a superb roast fowl and a delicious pâté. "Ah, Smith," cries the chief, "have you breakfasted yet?" "No, doctor," replies the assistant, radiantly. "Then go and get your breakfast, and come back; you will have lots of time."

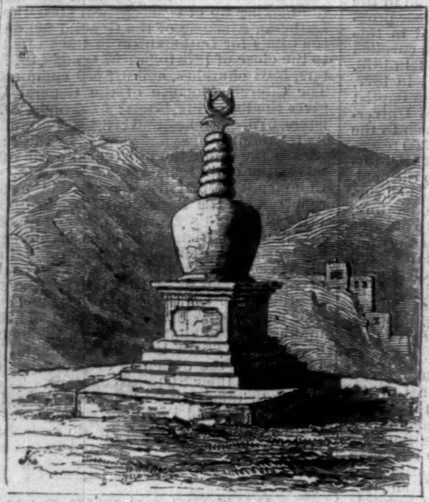
A young bride, momentarily expecting the return of her husband, was handed a telegraphic dispatch, which so excited her that, without having strength to break the envelope, she fainted away. Upon recovering she found her husband seated beside her. "Oh, Alick!" were her first words, "I thought you had fallen down and cut your throat with one of those horrible standing collars."



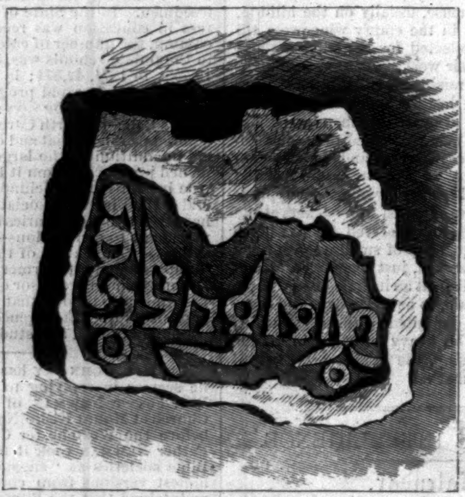
LEH, CAPITAL OF LADAKH, FROM THE BAZAR.



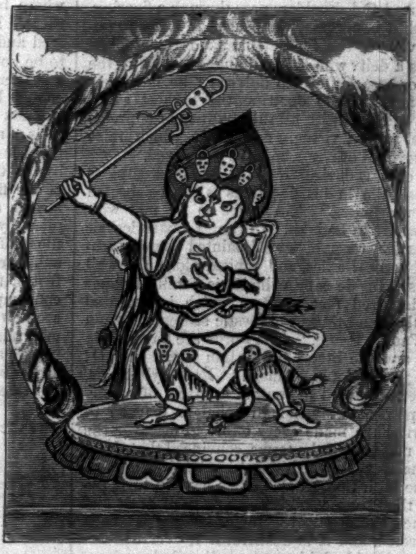
CONTENTS OF PRAYER CYLINDER.



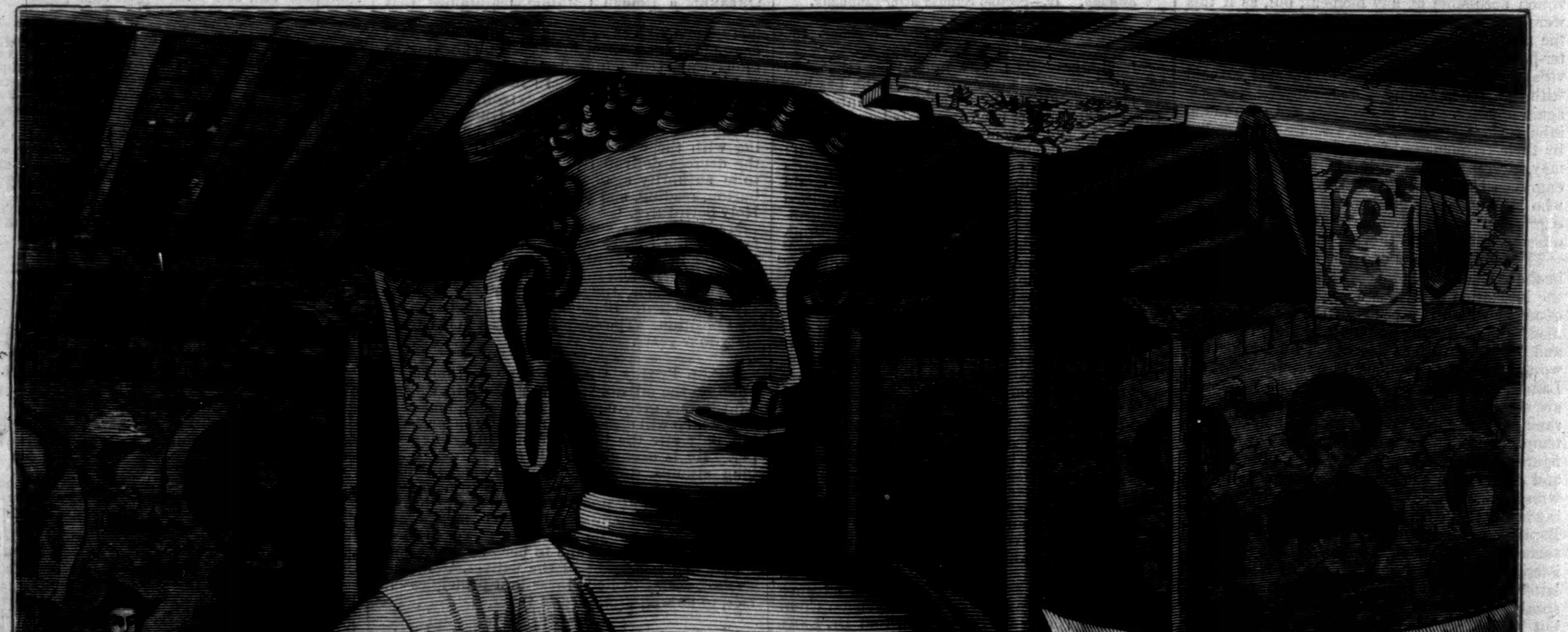
A LAMA'S TOMB.



STONE WITH THE MYSTIC SENTENCE.

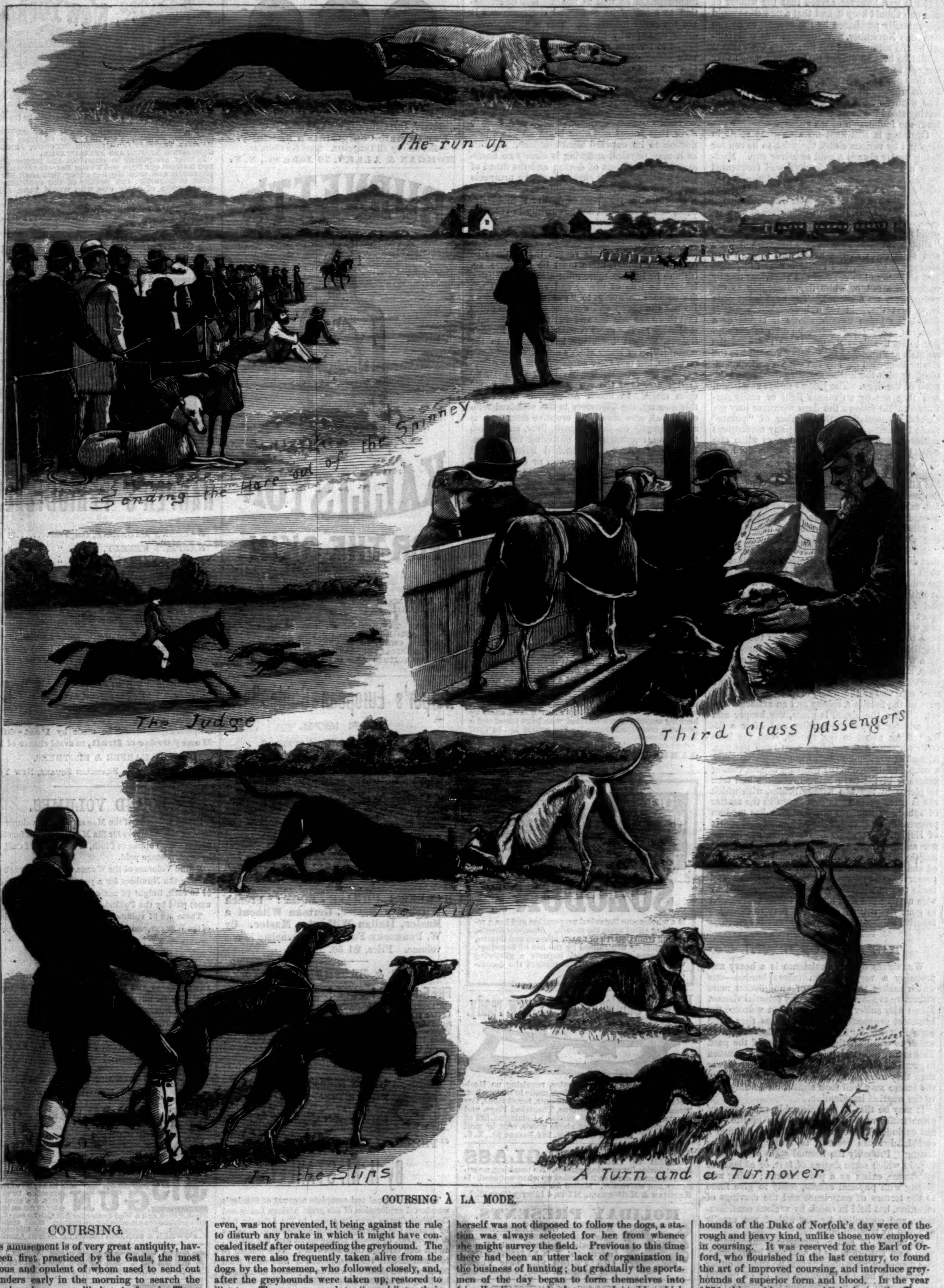


STYLE OF ART IN THE TEMPLES OF LADAKH.



INTERIOR OF A TEMPLE WITH COLOSSAL FIGURE OF BUDDHA.

SKETCHES IN LADAKH.—[See Page 30.]



COURSING À LA MODE.

## COURSING.

This amusement is of very great antiquity, having been first practiced by the Gauls, the most luxurious and opulent of whom used to send out hare-finders early in the morning to search the places where hares were likely to be found. These men returned to their masters, and having reported as to the spots where the animals were seen lurking, received orders to bring out horses and greyhounds to course them. The Greeks also hunted the hare in this fashion, and a treatise was prepared on coursing by Arrian, who flourished A.D. 150. The true sportsman, even in Arrian's time, did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the purpose of seeing the contest between them. The escape of the animal, even, was not prevented, it being against the rule to disturb any brake in which it might have concealed itself after outspeeding the greyhound. The hares were also frequently taken alive from the dogs by the horsemen, who followed closely, and, after the greyhounds were taken up, restored to liberty. These men used to "speak" to their greyhounds while in the field, considering that it might encourage them to know that their master was by to witness the excellence of their running. This "speaking" was, however, confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second and third, the dogs might by such encouragement exert themselves beyond their strength, and thus sustain some injury.

Coursing has always been a most popular sport; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when she herself was not disposed to follow the dogs, a station was always selected for her from whence she might survey the field. Previous to this time there had been an utter lack of organization in the business of hunting; but gradually the sportsmen of the day began to form themselves into friendly cliques, and rules were adopted by which a mutual confidence and friendly intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of the time, was solicited and prevailed upon to draw up a proper code of laws, and so successfully did he perform the task that, with slight alterations, the same rules prevail to-day. At this time pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any dog made a "point" the greyhounds were unloosed, after which the sport began. The hounds of the Duke of Norfolk's day were of the rough and heavy kind, unlike those now employed in coursing. It was reserved for the Earl of Orford, who flourished in the last century, to found the art of improved coursing, and introduce greyhounds of superior form and blood. In the year 1776 this nobleman established the Swaffham Coursing Society, confining the number of members to the number of letters in the alphabet. Whenever, however, any member died or wished to retire, his place was filled up by ballot, conformably to the rules of the society. On the decease of Lord Orford the members unanimously agreed to purchase a silver cup of the value of twenty-five guineas, which should be passed on from one winner to another, like the whip at Newmarket. Before the beginning of the season in

1792 it was, however, agreed that the winner of the cup should keep it, and that a new cup should be annually purchased by the society, to be run for each November. An opinion was entertained by the members of the Swaffham Club that it would be best to diffuse that respect which they desired to show to the memory of their founder by thus gracing the sideboards of the several different winners in different parts of the kingdom. The winner of the first cup was remarkable for having stood foremost as a breeder of greyhounds from the foundation of the society.

Coursing is still kept up with great spirit in England by various clubs, the prize to be run for being nearly always a gold or silver cup. Meetings are held in open districts well frequented by hares, where the greyhounds—technically called "dogs," as fox-hounds are technically called "hounds"—are entered by their owners, coursing in this respect partaking of the nature of a horse-race. The first thing done is to select a judge to decide upon the merits of the dogs; second, a "slipper" is appointed to hold the dogs in leash and start them at the hare; and third, a flag steward is chosen, who remains near the judge, and announces the color of the victorious dog by means of a red or white flag, according as the competitors are arranged. The next thing done is to beat the field for a hare. When one is found, the judge usually allows it eighty or a hundred yards "law" before he cries to the slipper to let the dogs "go." Upon the word the animals are liberated by a spring attached to the slip or long cord held by the slipper and communicating with the leathern collars fixed round the neck of the dogs. The judge's duties now begin, and they are by no means light or easily performed. He follows the dogs wherever they go, carefully calculating the number of "points" made by each—a "point" being any meritorious achievement on the part of a dog, as when one outstrips another at any time, or turns the hare, that is, causes it to "double." Finally he adjudges the victory, not necessarily to the dog that has killed the hare, but to the one which has made the most points during the course; that is, which has exhibited the greatest speed, sagacity, endurance, or other specially estimable dog-like quality.

The manner of hunting the hare illustrated in our sketches, and denominated by our artist "coursing *à la mode*," is a refinement of the sport that would only be possible among enthusiasts in such matters, like the English. Here the hare is no wild denizen of field and brake, but a carefully cultivated creature, brought up in confinement and fed by hand for the purpose of affording sport for a select company of gentlemen, who pay well for the rearing of the animals they propose to hunt. The field is situated on the famous English "downs," and surrounded on three sides by a wire netting through which the hare can not pass. The favored few who pay to behold the sport are accommodated at a certain point where they can survey the whole scene. In the lower part of the field is a spinny and an artificial covert. When the signal is given, the keeper and his assistants open the hurdles, and, after a little poking about in the spinny, send the hare out as a shepherd would a sheep from the pen. Almost at the same moment the slipper unlooses a couple of dogs, and the coursing begins, ending generally in the hare being overtaken and torn to pieces by the two savage brutes, with which she is utterly unable to cope, even in the matter of speed. To such a point as this has modern progress brought one of the celebrated field-sports of England. Shooting and coursing are no longer amusements requiring vigor of frame and a healthy activity of muscle. Pheasants are reared and fattened for the gun in carefully guarded preserves, and hares confined in spinnies and made to run within certain limits determined by wire nettings, so that however feeble or disposed to gout the British sportsman may become, his favorite amusements are not beyond his reach.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WEARINESS of mere existence is a heavy and probably a very common secret burden—one which makes the thought of annihilation more attractive to some of us than any celestial visions. Those who suffer from it would not welcome the brightest prospects of heaven unless they could hope first for a "long and dreamless sleep" in which to wash off the travel stains of the past. This is a feeling which is probably most common in youth or old age, when the ties to life are fewer than they are in its prime, and when the past or the future may well look almost intolerably long to the wearied imagination.

It may be that in the miserable experience of some sufferers this deep weariness of life may not exclude the fear of death; but so terrible a combination can scarcely be either common or lasting. Probably the normal state of things is that in which some degree of fear, or at least of reluctance, exists as a pure instinct; rising and falling with physical causes, ready to give force to the terrors of conscience and the cravings of affection, but held in check by various considerations, and controlled by the will, if not utterly subdued by trustful hope.

In people of active, energetic temperament, with keen susceptibility to sensuous impressions, one may sometimes observe that no amount either of religious hope for another life or of painful experience of this will overcome the constitutional shrinking from the anticipated rending asunder of body and soul. They carry the same feeling, through sympathy, into their thoughts of the death of others, which appears to be almost physically shocking to them, however obviously acceptable to the person chiefly concerned.

Such a state of feeling is to those who do not share it as unaccountable as it is evident. Looking at death calmly, as one of the very few circumstances of quite universal experience, any vehement disinclination to it would seem to be inappropriate as well as futile. But disinclination to some of its accidental circumstances is but too easily intelligible. This is probably another reason why the shrinking from it often seems to increase as youth is left behind. The very young can not know how terrible a thing sickness is; those who have watched many death-beds can scarcely forget the awful possibilities of physical suffering.

And yet it seems probable that many of the worst appearances are more or less delusive. A very moderate experience of sick-rooms suffices to show that actual suffering bears no exact proportion to its outward manifestations. Be this as it may, physical suffering is clearly no necessary accompaniment of death; and the dread of pain which makes us shrink from the prospects of mortal illness is quite a different thing from the real instinctive dread of death: it should, indeed, and often does, act powerfully in reconciling us to the prospect of death.

THEOLOGICAL students reason that if there be counterfeit money, there must be genuine; so, if there be infidels, there must also be Christians. If this be true of money and religion, will not the same rule apply to "put up" medicines? Do not the cheap and worthless nostrums prove that there are genuine and meritorious "put up" medicines? The great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has resulted in the manufacture of many *shoddy* alterative and tonic remedies, but one after another these have disappeared, the proprietors having found that, no matter how *loud* the advertise, success depends upon merit. In South America, as well as in this country, the Discovery is the standard remedy for all scrofulous and eruptive diseases. It acts promptly on the stomach, liver, and blood, toning up, regulating, and purifying the system. It speedily allays all bronchial irritation, and cures the most stubborn cough or cold in half the time required by any other remedy.—[*Com.*]

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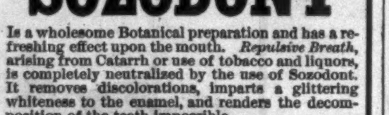

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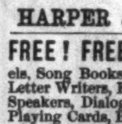

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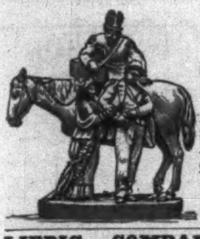

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The high opinion which we have previously expressed concerning this excellent annual is sustained by the present volume, which, however, is smaller than its predecessors, owing to a change that has been made in its character. Hitherto the "Annual Record" has consisted of two distinct parts—a summary of scientific progress made during the year, and a series of abstracts of the more important papers and articles in the scientific journals. This dual character it has been found impossible to sustain, owing to the rapid increase in the number of scientific papers, and also probably to the larger range taken in by the contributors; hence the abstracts have been abolished, and the summary alone retained. The change is a useful one, placing more space at the disposal of the editor, and embarrassing the reader less. At the same time we regret the absence of references to the papers themselves, which might be added as foot-notes, or incorporated in the text; and perhaps more distinction might be drawn between the longer researches, or more valuable memoirs of the year, and mere passing scientific observations. However, it is easier to criticise than to compile a work like the one before us. Our readers will form some idea of the comprehensive nature of this "Annual Record" by the following summary of its table of contents: Astronomy, together with the reports of the American observatories, contributed by Mr. HOLDEN, of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington. Physics of the globe, followed by general physics, written by Prof. BARKER, who also contributes the next section on chemistry. Mineralogy by Dr. DANA, and geology by Dr. STERRY HUNT. Hydrography and geography follow, the geography of North America being especially full. Microscopy, anthropology, zoology, and botany are contributed by able men in each department. Agriculture, engineering, technology, and industrial statistics are less full, and some of the abstracts given in technology would, we think, have found a better place under the head of physics—such, for example, as the telephone, phonograph, etc.

The observatory reports are a feature of the present volume, information being given concerning the *personnel* of each observatory, its principal instruments, the subjects of special observation during the past year, and those to be taken up during the coming year; and, lastly, the principal publications emanating from each observatory during the past year.

The bibliography at the end of the "Annual," giving the list of works on science published during 1877, seems most thoroughly and ably done, and so also is the index to the whole volume, and the concise and useful necrology of scientific workers.—*Nature*, London, Oct. 24, 1878.

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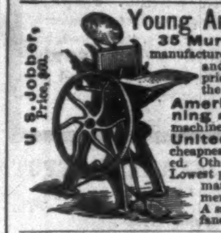
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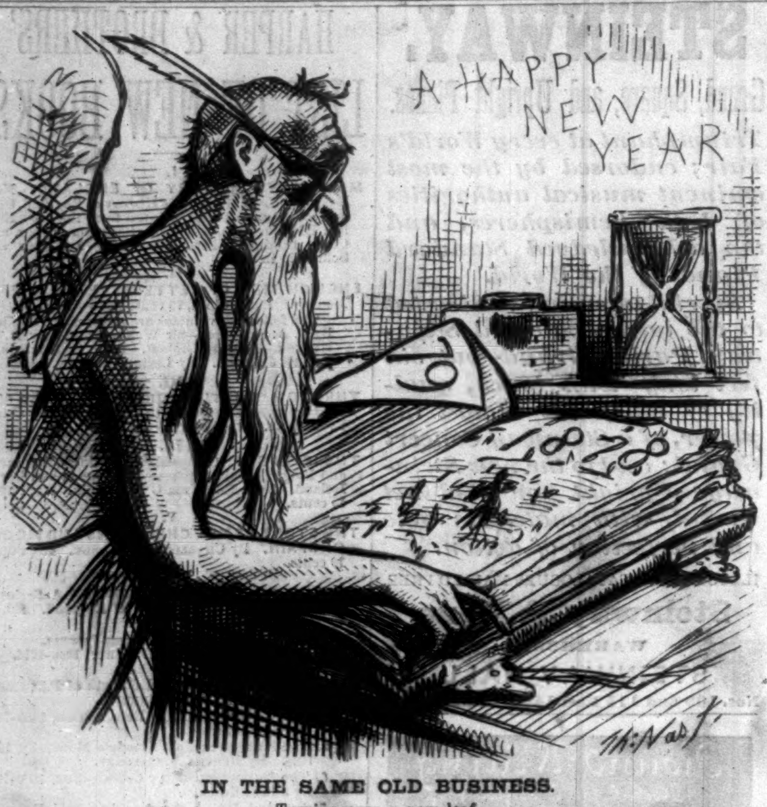

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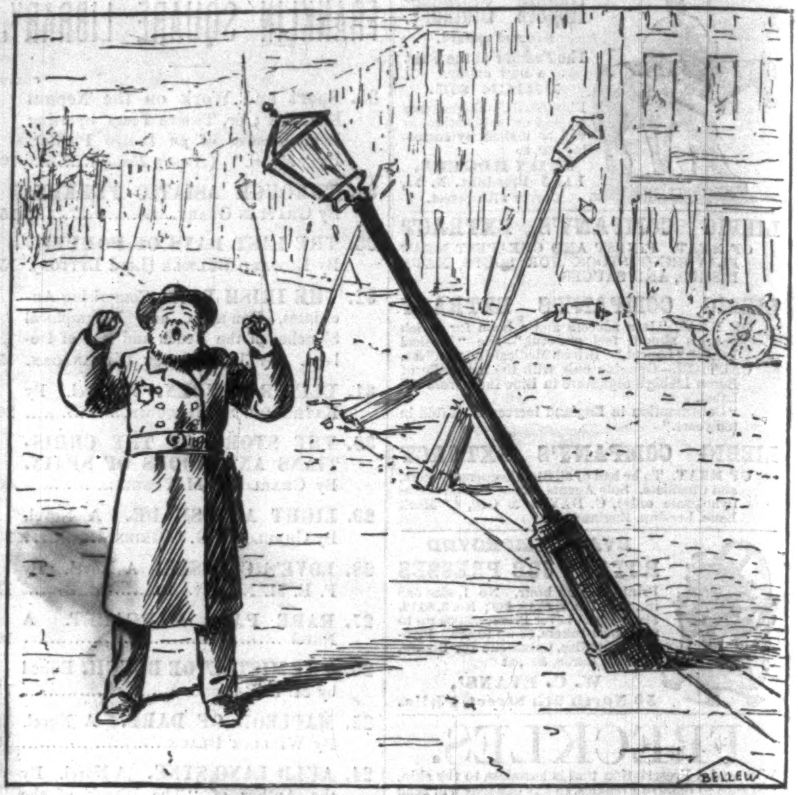

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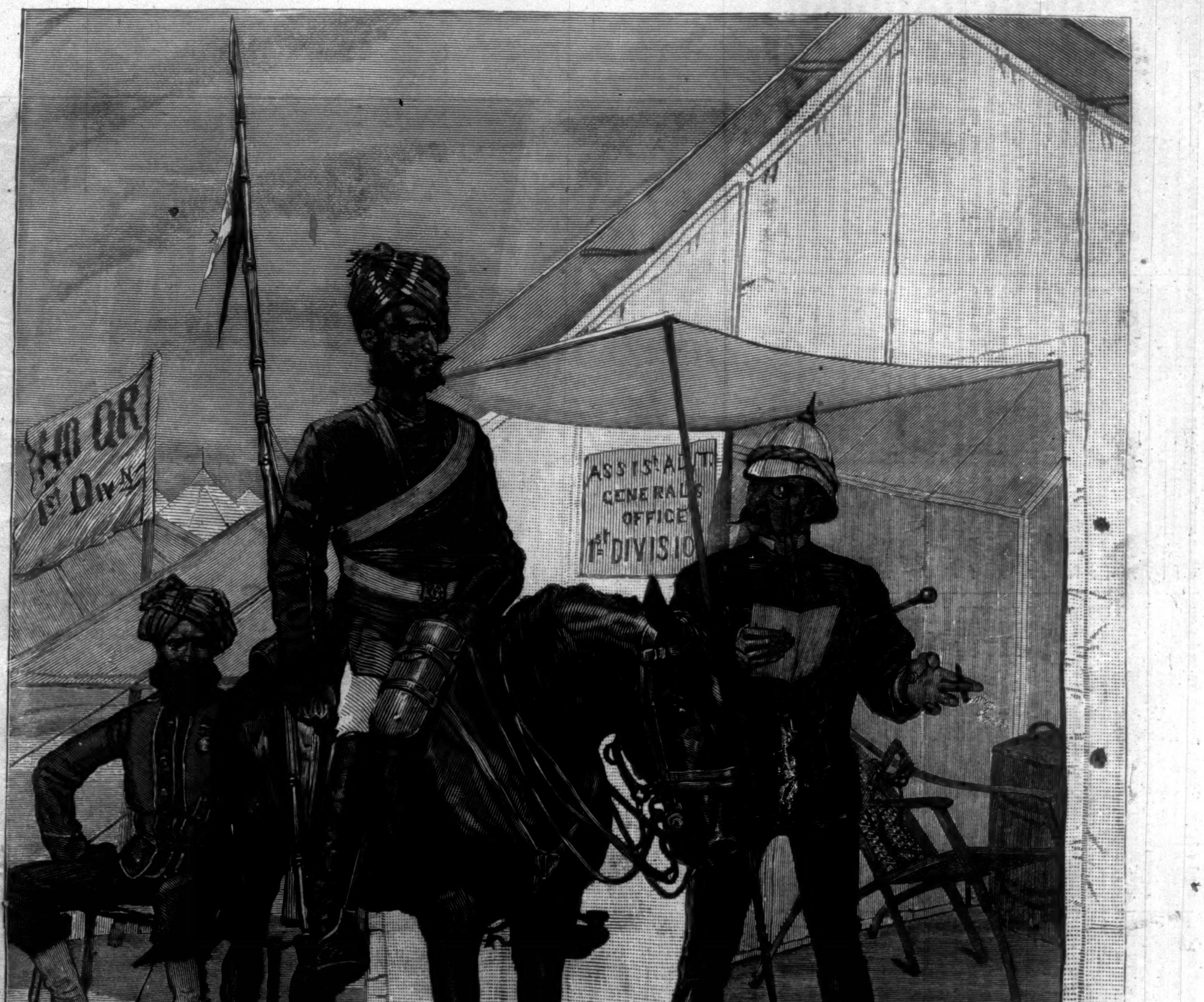


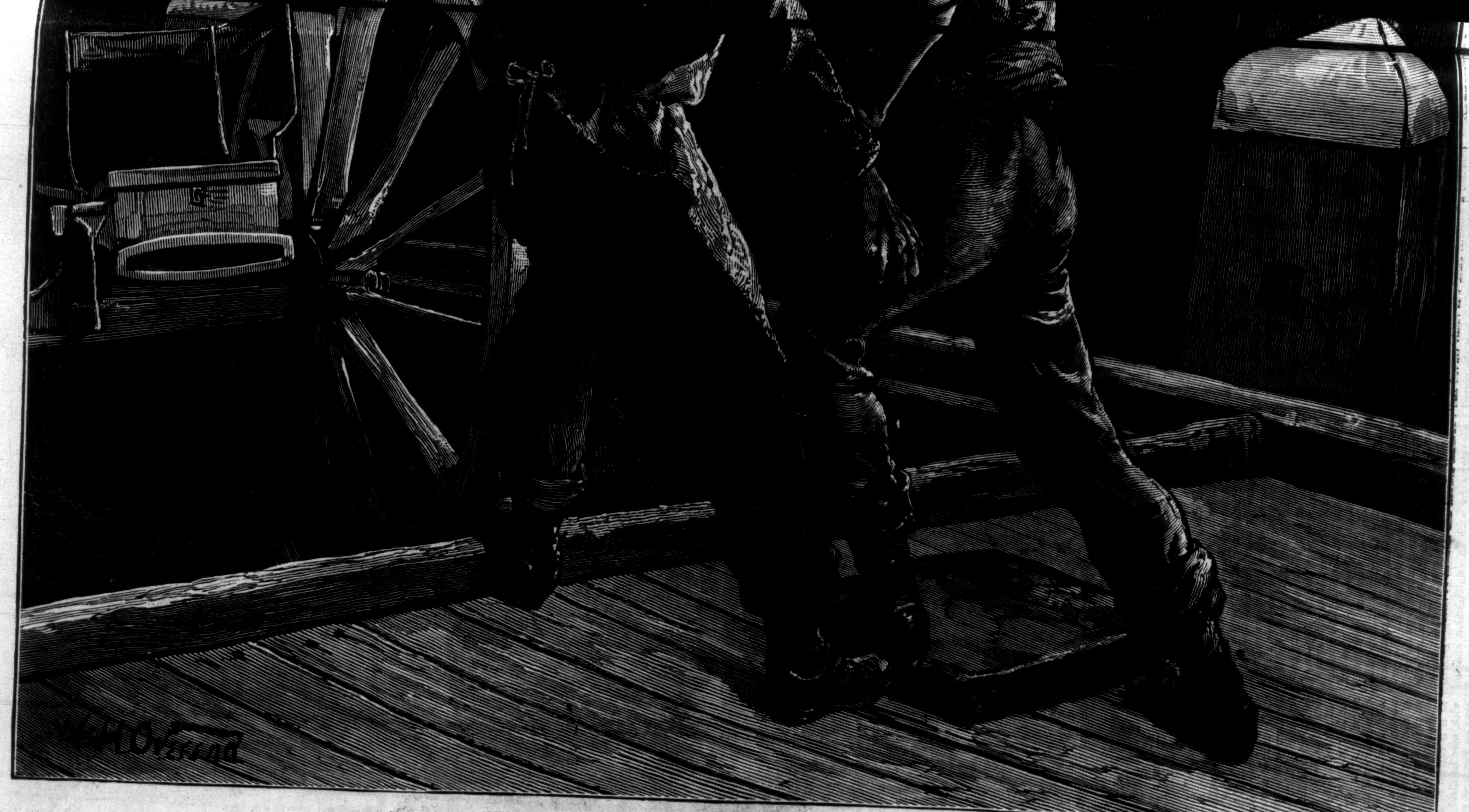
THE AFGHAN WAR—CAMP ORDERLIES AT MEEAN MEER, PUNJAB.—[From a Sketch by Lieutenant Pulley, Third Goorkhas.]

## THE WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

At Woolwich, England, are situated the immense manufactories which produce nearly all the arms and munitions of war required by the great military and naval establishments of the country. The famous arsenal is also the grand national dépôt for every species of ordnance, and contains a vast quantity of guns, gun-carriages, military wagons, and every thing pertaining to artillery. The town itself owes its importance to the dock-yard and arsenal. The name is said to indicate "The Settlement," or "Home on the Creek" (*Hulviz*), and its growth dates from the reign of Henry VIII., whose great ship, the *Henrye Grace à Dieu*, was burned here in 1553. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, which Fuller pronounces "a liege ship of state," as well as "the greatest our island ever saw," was built in the "mother dock-yard of England" in 1637, by Mr. Peter Pett. She mounted a hundred guns, was richly carved and decorated, and from the notable part she played in their great naval defeats was called by the Dutch the "golden devil." This vessel was, however, only one of the first among those built at Woolwich to do her part toward establishing the supremacy of England upon the ocean. Since her time many superb ships of war have been launched from this dock-yard, the various sheds and buildings of which extend nearly half a mile along the river-bank.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich was established in 1716. Previous to this, however, the place had been known for more than a century and a half by its numerous factories; and as a military post and a dépôt for stores it possesses a still greater antiquity. Before 1705 it was called the "Tower Place," or King's Warren, the land having probably been acquired for the purpose of erecting batteries to protect Woolwich against the invading Dutch fleet, though in 1664 mention is made of store-houses and sheds for repairing gun-carriages. At that time the government foundry for casting cannon was at Moorfields, where in 1716 a dangerous explosion took place, occasioned by moisture in the moulds. The government had already resolved to remove the royal foundry to some distance from London, and this occurrence hastened the event. The site of the present arsenal was selected as offering especial advantages for such an establishment, and the superintendence of the enterprise was intrusted to a Mr. Andrew Schalch, of Douay. The story is told that Schalch, who was present at Moorfields at the time of the explosion, gave warning of the moisture in the moulds, and induced Colonel Armstrong, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and others, to leave the grounds, when, the operations proceeding notwithstanding, the catastrophe took place, and several lives were lost. It is also reported that Schalch was the one who first suggested that the new foundry should be located at Woolwich. Neither of these stories is, however, very well authenticated; but Schalch was appointed master-founder to the Board of Ordnance in this year—a most responsible office for a man of thirty—and it is not impossible that the attention of the government may have been directed to him by some such occurrence as that just related. The position was filled by him for the long period of sixty years. He died, at the age of ninety, in the very year that the American colonies declared their independence. Otherwise it is probable he would have superintended the casting of many a gun destined for the purpose of chastising rebellious British subjects on this side of the ocean.

The great business of manufacturing artillery as it is carried on at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, may be divided into three departments—the Gun Factories, the Carriage Department, and the Laboratory. In the first there are four air-furnaces, the largest of which can melt 325 hundred-weight of metal. Here the operations of constructing the moulds, casting, boring, turning, and proving guns are carried on, and the manner in which such immense masses of metal, molten and solid, are handled appears exceedingly marvellous to the visitor. The system of gun construction employed at the Royal Arsenal takes its name from the town, and is known as the "Woolwich." It is, however, simply the method employed by the great military inventor Sir William Armstrong, and improved by Fraser, at one time a leading employé in the arsenal. Their method is, in brief, a steel core or body of the gun, strengthened by three or more exterior tubes of coiled wrought iron. The plan of Armstrong is to form the barrel of the gun by welding at the end several wrought-iron tubes, each of which is two or three feet in length, and is formed by winding a square bar of iron around a mandrel and welding the edges. The part of the gun in the rear of the trunnions is strengthened first by an enveloping tube composed of a plate of iron bent in a circular form and its edges welded, and secondly by another enveloping tube made, as in the body of the gun, by spiral coils. As at first constructed the Armstrong guns were all breech-loaders, the movable breech arrangement consisting of a hollow screw, through which the charge was passed into the bore, and a wedge which fitted into a slot cut in the breech of the gun closing the rear end of the bore. This wedge was slipped into its place by hand, and kept there by a few turns of the screw. The breech-



SHIPPING GUNS FOR INDIA AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

loading principle having proved unsatisfactory in practice, it was abandoned, and all Armstrong guns were subsequently constructed as muzzle-loaders. The changes introduced in the plan of the Armstrong gun by Mr. Fraser consist, in brief, in reducing the number of coils, shrinking on the outer coils and trunnion block together, introducing offsets or shoulders for hooking or securing the parts together, and in using a cheaper iron for the outer coils. These modifications, while they do not improve the strength of Armstrong's original invention, reduce the cost of the gun nearly fifty per cent.

The department of the Royal Arsenal called the Laboratory comprises an extensive series of factories and workshops. Under the head of small-arms ammunition alone, we find a paper factory, a lead or bullet factory, a small-arms factory containing 456 machines, and the "magazines," which include capping machines and all those required for filling and finishing cartridges. In this and the Carriage Department the various machines for sawing, planing, dovetailing, for putting together the wheels by hydraulic power, for preparing shells to receive the fuses, for forming bullets by compression, constructing percussion-caps, etc., are an extraordinary sight when all the wheels are in motion. In the Laboratory also shells, fuses, seamless cartridges, and fire-works are constructed; and in a part of the arsenal at the east end, and separate from all the other shops for greater security, the manufacture of rockets is carried on. Yet, in spite of all the precautions employed, on one or two occasions explosions have taken place which have resulted in great loss of life. Another department of the Royal Arsenal is the Pattern-Room, which is very near the foundry. It contains a pattern or model of every article used in the artillery service, as, for instance, of the machinery for granulating gunpowder and for trying the strength of the same article; of Congreve and other rockets; of chain, bar, and other shot; of fire-ships, fire-works, etc. Not far from the Pattern-Room are large apartments where may be seen millions of cannon-balls and bomb-shells arranged in pyramidal groups.

The store-houses of the Royal Artillery are to the north of the Royal Arsenal, and generally contain arms and equipments for between ten and twenty thousand men. These consist of such articles as saddles, bits, bridles, horseshoes, whips, swords, pistols, etc. From the upper part of the store-houses may usually be seen in the fields below about 25,000 pieces of ordnance arranged according to their sizes. The Royal Artillery Barracks are on the north side of Woolwich Common. The principal front, which consists of six ranges, is 1200 feet long, with an elegant entrance tower in the centre. In the east wing a spacious chapel has accommodation for 1000 persons. The other parts of the building consist of library and reading rooms and a splendid suite of apartments in which balls and other entertainments are given. The interior is divided into two quadrangles, where are situated a large riding-school and barracks, and stabling for the horse artillery. On the southeast edge of the Common is the Royal Military Academy, presenting toward it a handsome front. With its unusual height, excellent proportions, and four domed turrets, this building has a picturesque appearance from a distance. The institution was established in 1719, but the present structure was not erected until 1805. Here there are generally from one to two hundred young men receiving instruction in such branches as are necessary to qualify them as artillery officers and engineers. The Master-General of the Ordnance for the time being is the governor, the professors also being recruited from among the resident officers. On the west side of the Common is the Rotunda—a depository for models connected with military and naval architecture, specimens of fire-arms, military machines, etc. The building is of a tent-like form, with twenty-four sides, the diameter being 120 feet. The centre of the cone which forms the top of the building is supported by a pillar round which are arranged specimens of old English weapons, such as match-locks, wheel-locks, bills, partisans, old swords. In other parts of the building are cannon, howitzers, models of fortified places, Indian arms, and a variety of other military and naval curiosities.

The town of Woolwich is one of the most important in Kent, situated on the south bank of the Thames eight and a half miles east of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The parish extends to the Essex side of the Thames, where it comprehends the Devil's House and certain lands running along the north bank of the river, but included in the county of Kent. The site is elevated, the town lying on a gravel ridge which extends from Greenwich to Erith, here known as Shooter's Hill. The most agreeable part is the most elevated, near the Charlton Road, the scenery of the environs being of a rich and diversified character, well wooded, and containing a number of respectable villas. The principal street runs parallel to the river, and is crossed at right angles by others of lesser extent. The Common is open, spacious, and park-like, and there are good public walks. The inhabitants are not engaged in any particular branch of manufacture, nor is there any trade of importance. By far the greater portion of the residents are in one way or another supported by the two great military and naval establishments.

## CHINESE DENTISTRY.

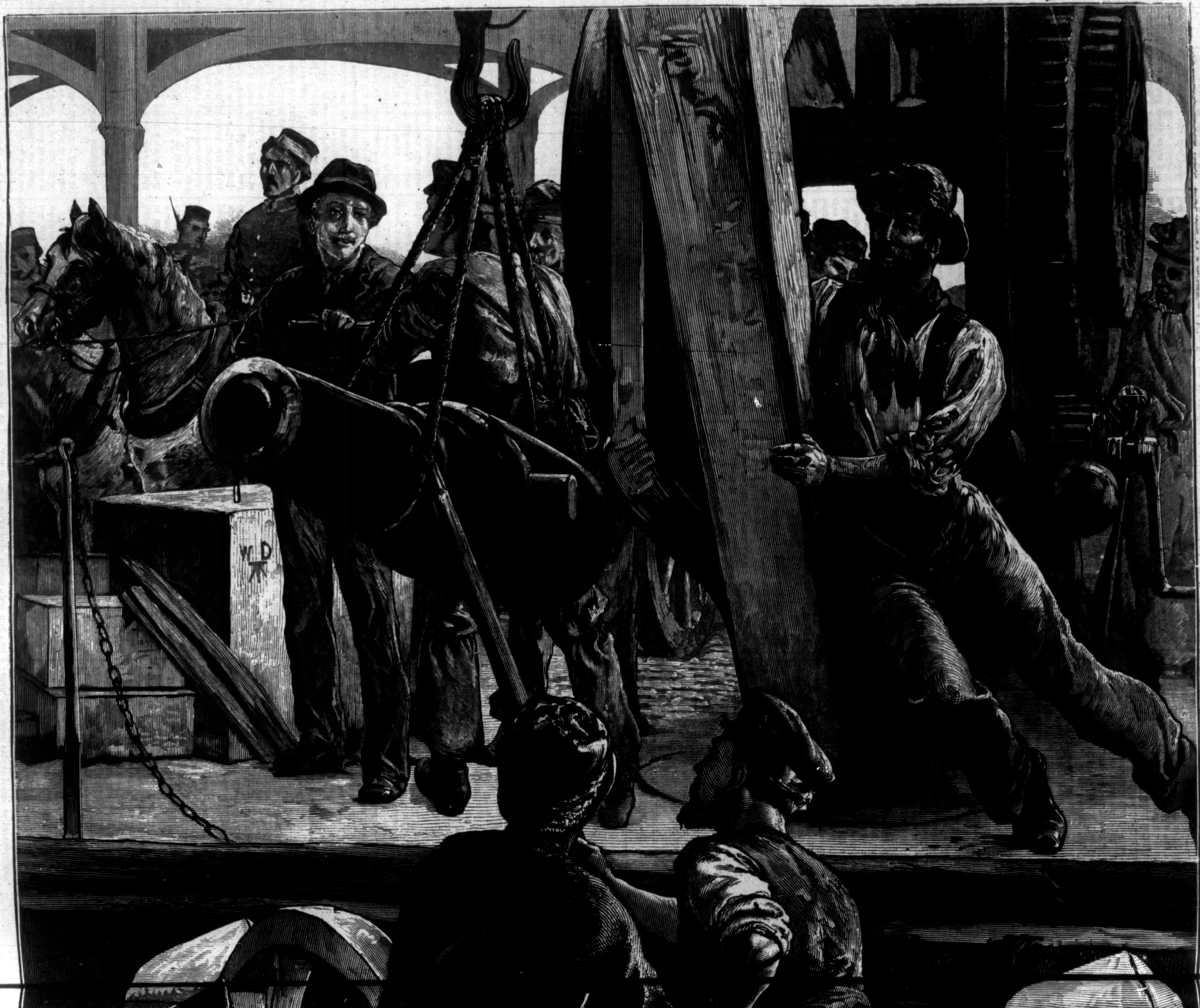
In European countries the dread art of the dentist is nowadays practiced with such skill and ingenuity, with the view of causing the least possible pain to suffering humanity, that it will not be uninteresting—albeit the subject is a somewhat grim one—to contrast with it the more clumsy methods in vogue among the Chinese; and with this end we abridge the following notes from an instructive article in the *China Review*—a periodical published every two months at Hong-Kong, and frequently affording much valuable information respecting the Celestial Empire.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. But how they performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the hurry of daily business, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some difficulty and delicate negotiation an intelligent-looking native practitioner was induced to hand over the implements of his trade together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions in the method of procedure.

When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist of course picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which in many cases would follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns, the same operation is repeated, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble.

These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are very cleverly done; still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to show their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

The painless extraction of teeth is supposed to be accomplished by the application of a powder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